

SOME FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL

BY GEORGE W. LEAVELL





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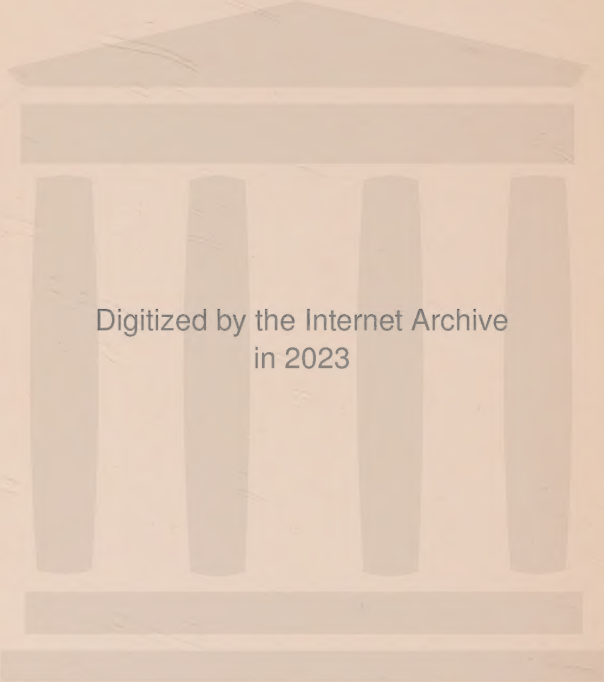
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SOME FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL



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SOME FRUITS *of the* GOSPEL

Experiences of a Medical Missionary

GEORGE W. LEAVELL, M.D.,
Superintendent The Stout Memorial Hospital
Wuchow, South China



NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD
OF THE
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

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GEORGE W LEAVELL

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THE STOUT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, WUCHOW, SOUTH CHINA

INTRODUCTION

Many years ago Rev. Lewis Holland gave to the Southwestern Seminary a certain sum of money for a lecture foundation with the understanding that the interest on this foundation would be used each year in paying the expenses and honorarium for a series of lectures called the Holland Foundation, on some great New Testament doctrine or some kingdom enterprise.

Almost every year since that time we have had some distinguished leader to deliver this course of lectures. These lectures have been delivered by the following: Dr. Geo. W. Truett, Dr. W. L. Poteat, Dr. J. R. Sampey, Dr. H. C. Mabie, Dr. S. J. Porter, Dr. E. C. Dargan, Dr. W. J. McGlothlin, Dr. J. W. Jent, Dr. R. E. Gaines and Dr. A. K. de Blois.

Dr. George Leavell, for a number of years, has been a medical missionary under the Southern Baptist Convention in China. He has done a marvelous work through the hospital, clinic and his missionary messages to the sick and lost in China. These lectures are the heart of his messages in the homeland about the work of missions in the foreign field. They were delivered to the faculty and students of the Southwestern Seminary in the fall of 1927. No series of lectures has had more charm and inspiration and missionary helpfulness. They stirred the depths of spiritual

passion in our hearts and gave us an outward and upward look and caused our hearts to burn for the extension of the Master's kingdom around the world.

This volume would be a fine text for missionary study in any of the departments of the work of the kingdom of God and I commend it to a careful reading by pastors, missionary students and others whose hearts are standing for the extension of Christ's kingdom around the world.

L. R. SCARBOROUGH.

CHAPTER I

WHAT FOREIGN MISSIONS MEANS TO ME

The City of Wuchow, South China, is a commercial center of 100,000 inhabitants. It is the gate city to a province of eight million people. The steamers bring passengers and cargo from Hong Kong, Canton, and other ports below us, up to Wuchow and from there commerce is carried interior by motor boats, native craft, and even on the backs of men. So this river is a mighty highway of trade.

Just before I left Wuchow a little more than a year ago, there was some trouble on the West River. Some soldiers had broken away from their commander and had turned bandits. They thought and felt that they could make their way, not as soldiers on the payroll, but as pirates; and so they encamped on the bank of this river some 30 miles above our city at a small village called Tungven. When the native villagers and the traffic from our city would come up the river, they would fire on the boats and falling upon them would pilfer the cargo, in some cases taking the passengers and holding them for ransom.

The general in charge of our city decided that he would restore law and order; so he dispatched a company of soldiers to go to Tungven and clean out this nest of bandits who were holding up the

traffic. These soldiers started on this journey and encountered pirates. There was fierce fighting. The wounded began to pour down the river into our hospital in Wuchow. We received in three days 72 wounded Chinese men. We had a busy time. Our hospital accommodates 125 patients and we had nearly 75 sick people in our wards at the time. We thought the rush of work was about over when, one evening about 8:30 o'clock, the little telephone that connects the hospital office with our residence rang, and the business manager in the hospital said: "Dr. Leavell, come to the hospital quickly." I said: "What's the matter?" He said: "An emergency case has come in." That was a little unusual because we do not have as many emergency patients in our hospital as you have. There is not a single automobile in that province with its eight million people. There are no railroad trains and no cotton mills; no great factories, not a street car. I stepped down to the hospital and when I came into the office there on the tile floor I saw a wounded man, lying on a home-made stretcher. About him were six or eight tired looking men dressed in the uniform of Chinese soldiers. Two were holding large bamboo poles used to run through loops of the stretcher. I noticed that this wounded man had about his head a coarse towel and in one place it was saturated with blood. Putting my fingers on the man's pulse I found it very thready and weak. I noticed his hand was hot, indicating to me that he had high fever. I spoke to him in his

dialect but he did not answer. Turning to the spokesman of the men I said:

“How long has this fellow been wounded?”

He said: “Day before yesterday morning while suppressing the bandits he received a gunshot wound in the head.”

I said: “What did you do for him?”

“The Chinese Red Cross came and tied up the wound. He grew worse. We insisted that he come down to the mission hospital for treatment. He refused, saying he could not stand the operation.”

This man continued: “We further argued with him during the day and said to him, ‘If you will go down to the mission hospital for treatment they will tell you the Jesus doctrine!’ ”

The man to whom he was speaking had no knowledge of the Jesus doctrine.

I said: “Why did you tell him that?”

He said: “We used it as an argument to get him to come to the hospital. He refused. During the night he grew worse. The Chinese Red Cross doctor said he was going to die and he could do no more for him. He became unconscious and yesterday morning at daylight we started overland to bring him to you. We have just arrived.”

Looking up at me anxiously, he said: “Can you save the life of our captain?”

We had a task to perform. We rushed this man to the operating room and extracted a bullet from his skull. At nearly midnight we put him in a room with a nurse and one of his own men. I went back to my home and looking up into the

shining stars, I wondered whether we would ever have an opportunity to tell that man the Jesus doctrine. He knew nothing of Christ. He had never heard of Jesus and we had come to China to tell dying men about the Saviour. I prayed that God might spare his life so that we might tell him the blessed story. Humanly speaking, he could not live.

All through the night I tossed on my pillow thinking about the man dying without the Saviour, no knowledge of Christ. At nearly daylight, I came back to the bedside of my patient and the nurse said:

"Doctor, this man rallied a little while ago and he seemed to regain consciousness for a moment and asked two questions."

I said: "What did he ask?"

"He asked faintly for a sip of cold water, which I gave him; and then in a moment he opened his eyes and looking around whispered 'Have you someone to tell me the Jesus doctrine?'"

I said: "Nurse, what did you do?"

He replied: "I went to the top floor of the hospital and called the Chinese pastor but, by the time he arrived, the man was unconscious."

Why did a dying man ask that someone talk to him about Jesus? It was but the human soul crying out, seeking to find God. The thought had been planted in his brain, yonder when he was conscious. He was told that, when he was in the hospital, he would be told about the Jesus doctrine. He felt himself slipping; he was going out into that great beyond without a knowledge of

Christ. He had nothing to which he could hold fast and his heart cry was to find God.

“Have you someone to tell me about Jesus?”

Looking at my man I found him unconscious; he was in no condition whatever to hear about Christ.

I went back to breakfast with a heavy heart and prayed, in our morning devotions. Then we came back to the hospital and the staff gathered in their morning prayer meeting and prayed that God might spare this man so that we might tell him about Jesus.

Some days later, as we applied the dressing in the surgical room, this man asked again a question that opened the way for us to tell him about Jesus. God had answered our prayers and spared his life and the coveted opportunity had come. We told the simple story of Jesus and his love, unfolding it step by step, as you would tell it to a little child who has never heard about salvation.

Then the day came when he was to return home. It was Tuesday night and we had our regular decision hour in the chapel that evening. Some fifty or sixty of the people, nurses, doctors and patients, had gathered.

At the close of the service Captain Chun said: “I want to make a few remarks.” We invited him to come to the front and speak. He said: “I want to give my life story. I was born in a heathen home. All my life I had about me the ancestral tablets and bowed down to idols. I never had heard about Jesus. I went into the army; was promoted; became a captain; was wounded and

my men brought me, unconscious, to this institution; and while here my life has been spared."

"I have received a great blessing while here. I have heard about Jesus. The man from across the seas, the white man, has come and has told me the message of salvation."

"I am standing tonight to tell you, my friends, I have trusted Jesus as my Saviour. He has forgiven my sins. I want you to pray for me. I have bought this New Testament and am taking it back with me into the army. I want you to pray that I may be true to Christ, that I may be a faithful witness among my men."

Then hesitating a moment he said, very tenderly: "I am going to get a leave of absence soon and go 250 miles into the mountains, back into the old home to tell my mother about Jesus, for I want her to have this joy that has come to me. I want to go back and take down those ancestral tablets and idols."

Friends, that is what we are trying to do in China. Trying to bring Jesus to the hearts and lives of men. That is the joy of it, that men lost in sin and idolatry and heathenism might know Jesus.

PASTOR WAN'S MESSAGE

Just before I left Wuchow our faithful Chinese pastor, who for forty years had preached Jesus to his own people,—twice pastor in the capital city of our state, twice pastor in our local self-supporting church, twice pastor in the hospital, giving full time to the patients,—was himself a

patient. He had bandages over his eyes following an operation.

I went to his bedside and said: "Pastor Wan, I am leaving you for a little while. I love you. We have worked for more than ten years, shoulder to shoulder. You have always been true and faithful. Your wife is a faithful Bible woman in the hospital. Your sons and daughters are in our school and one of your sons is a professor in the great theological seminary in Canton, having graduated from our Southern Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky. I am leaving you; going back to America, and I just wondered if you had a message that I could bear to your brothers and sisters in Christ, over there."

Pastor Wan nodded his head for a moment as I took his hand. I could not see those eyes, covered as they were with bandages, and yet I saw them as I had through the years. I saw his lips quiver and felt the tightening of his grasp as he held my hands.

Then he said: "*I have* a message to send back to my brothers and sisters across the seas."

And he sent you this message, my friends. I want it to be a challenge to you, faithful workers; I want you to stop and think whether or not you could send a message so full of meaning out to the heathen world, to your brothers and sisters in China. I bear you his greetings and his love and his message.

He said: "Tell them that my first thanks are to God who gave his Son Jesus Christ to be my Saviour. Tell them that my second thanks are to

Southern Baptist people who, more than fifty years ago sent a missionary to China to tell me about that Christ."

If the missionary had not gone he could never have heard, perhaps, about Jesus and his love. Think of that life; of that forty years of preaching in his own state. Oh, I have seen him stand and pour out his heart to those people in the church. I have seen him in the hospital tenderly winning the lost to the Master. I had sat under his ministry. He is pastor of our church. I had seen him with great dignity and power administer the Lord's Supper.

I held his hand and thought of that great message he sent; I thought of the forty years and the thousands that had heard, through him, about Christ; and I praised God for Southern Baptists and for the missionary message that could go out even fifty years ago and win the lost to Jesus.

That is but a picture, friends, of what is being done for Jesus' sake out yonder in the heathen world. So it is we go with a message of salvation even to the ends of the earth.

LIFE'S PHILOSOPHIES

There are three philosophies in life that I think may be called the three philosophies that cover the ground in all of our experiences. Two of these are false philosophies, but the third is the true philosophy of life. You come to this institution to fulfil that third philosophy that I would emphasize this morning.

We have that philosophy beautifully emphasized in the Parable of the Good Samaritan. You remember how that man fell among thieves and he was robbed and bruised and left by the roadside. Now those men that beat and robbed him, leaving him wounded by the side of the road, were working on the first false philosophy of life. They had in their minds what men today have in many places. You can scarcely pick up a newspaper but what you see where someone has been working along the line of this first false philosophy. What is it? Why he is thinking that "*Thine is mine, I'll take it.*" Hence we have bank robberies, defaulting—"Thine is mine." "I'll have it," as these men in the Parable of the Good Samaritan thought. This is a false philosophy and it means failure.

The second philosophy that I think is false is the selfishness exemplified by the Levite that saw the wounded man lying by the roadside and looking upon him, said: "*Thine is thine, I'll have nothing to do with it.*" You go your way and I'll go mine." And men today are trying to live a life of contentment with selfishness possessing their hearts, looking upon the other fellow as having no responsibility toward him, passing by on the other side—"Thine is thine; you go your way, I'll go mine; I have no interest in you. You work out your own salvation. Thine is thine." A selfish motive.

But we have exemplified the third philosophy of life in the Good Samaritan who, seeing the man lying by the roadside, wounded and bruised and

bleeding, looked upon him in compassion and said: "*Mine is thine; I'll give it.*" And so he took the wounded man to the inn and provided for him. That is the true philosophy of life. That is the spirit in which we should go out with the gospel. It was exemplified by Christ himself upon the cross when he paid the great price for our sins and said: "*Mine is thine, I'll give it.*" And so we go with the gospel message. You come to prepare yourselves in this great institution of learning to go out to the needy places and exemplify that true philosophy—*What I have I will give.*

I wonder this morning if it is all dedicated and consecrated to the Master. I wonder if your life is absolutely surrendered to Jesus Christ; if you have in your thinking that one motive to give yourself to him in sacrificial service. Friends, if you have any little dark corners of selfishness down in your heart, corners that have not been fully surrendered to the Master, then you cannot fully exemplify that third philosophy of which I am speaking. O God, help us, and strengthen us and teach us, on our knees, how to pray so that we may fully and absolutely, without mental reservation, give even as that great Chinese pastor has given through the years in sacrificial service, our best for Jesus' sake.

STORY OF DR. KO

As a challenge to your faithfulness and consecration, I want to tell the story of a little Chinese girl who, I think, was fully surrendered to her Master. I want it to be a challenge to you as it

has been to me for more than ten years. When I took up my work in that hospital early in 1913 there was not a bed for a woman or a child. We had a place for the men patients only and there was a great need. No Chinese woman had ever come as a Christian physician into that state with its eight million people.

We had not been there very long until we asked the medical college in Canton to give us an intern, a lady doctor, and they assigned to us a little Chinese girl. I know of no expression that can better describe this little doctor than that she was just a little nubbin; she was so small, so short and, yet, so attractive. This was Dr. Ko Kin Hing.

She was of a wealthy family in Canton and the custom in China is for parents to bargain their daughters away to be the wives of men they have never seen; but Ko Kin Hing had been in the mission school and she said: "Mother and Father, do not bargain my life away to be the wife of a man I have never seen. I want to do something."

They said: "Kin Hing, what is it?"

She said: "I want to study to be a doctor and I want to give my life as a Christian physician."

They put her through the medical school.

She came to us to be an intern the first year after her graduation. There was not a place in the hospital for her patients but she found a place down there in the free clinic. The women came with their babies in their arms, seeking relief for their tortured bodies and Dr. Ko ministered

to something like 35 to 65 individuals every morning. Time went on. We took her after the first year to be a member of our staff and put her on a salary.

The hospital work grew. Ten years had gone and Dr. Ko was in charge of an entire floor in the new hospital and was the most influential member of our staff. I would see her get into the sedan chair, going out, spending the night at the bedside bringing a new life into the world. In the operating room and in the wards of the hospital, she gave herself unstintingly in service. Then down into the kindergarten she went, talking to the little children about health and hygiene, and about Christ; in the missionary society, talking on missions; in the church, teaching a Sunday school class; in the hospital giving her life to the nurses' training school.

She was ever welcome in our home. Mrs. Leavell was very fond of her. She graced any occasion. She had poise and dignity and it mattered not if the American consul or the Commanding General were present, Dr. Ko was welcome.

I have seen her unselfish devotion and wondered what the motive was behind that life of consecration and I had not understood. Summer time came. She was tired because she had given herself so unstintingly, her health was failing and I said to her one day: "Dr. Ko, we all love you and have been thinking about you. You are not staying here for the salary. It is nothing to you, because your family has wealth and position. I see you need a vacation and I want you to go down

to the coast and get a little rest and build up for the winter's work."

She looked at me with rather a strange expression and, in a moment, dropped her head on her arm and was crying. She said: "Dr. Leavell, you ask me to go away?" I said, "No, not that. I hope I have not hurt your feelings." I recalled what I had said and wondered if I had made a mistake in speaking in her dialect. So, I said: "No, do not go away, we can't give you up, Dr. Ko, you mean so much here; but I just suggested that you take a little vacation going down to the seashore, for a little while."

She lifted her head and the tears were running down her cheeks, as she said: "Dr. Leavell, I want you to understand that I feel as much called to be a missionary in this institution, that my people might know Jesus,—as you did to leave America and come out here that they might know him." *"Mine is thine, I will give it."*

Are we ready to renew our vows and promises to Jesus Christ our Lord, and give ourselves unreservedly that Jesus might be lifted up? Will we exemplify that true philosophy of life that Jesus himself glorified on the cross?



STAFF OF STOUT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

CHAPTER II

WE BUILD A HOSPITAL

In Wuchow, South China, some years ago, I was on my way from our residence to the hospital. It was rather a cool morning for South China.

We live on the Tropic of Cancer, crossing it a few miles below our city as we proceed to Canton. It is so hot there that a milk cow cannot live—she would die of brain fever. We get our milk in tins from Norway and Sweden and our butter from Australia. Even I have to wear a pith hat to protect my feeble brain in the summer. In the winter, after ten months of hot season, we have the rainy cold weather in January and February.

It was a February morning. I had on a light rain coat; the ground was rather cold but no frost (never any frost or ice in South China); as I came up to the edge of the city I had to cross a stream. A little bridge built with an arch spanned this stream. You know the Chinese were the first to build an arch. Down below some 20 or 30 feet the water was trickling through. I saw something on the opposite bank, and I came nearer, I wondered what it was. It looked like an old quilt or bundle of rags and I wondered what the Chinese had found that they could throw away. They never throw away anything of value.

I have found only one thing that the Chinese have enough of and that is a thing that you would not probably think of. It is time. They have plenty of time for everything and tomorrow will do just as well as today. I have often been distressed this past year in the home land as I watched the rush of our people, and the lack of reverence, and the lack of time for family prayer, and the lack of time at the tables to give thanks and the lack of time to go to church. Oh, the rush of our life!

I wondered what it was that the Chinese had thrown away; having so little in life, saving everything. They have not enough children, although there is one born every minute of the day. They haven't enough money, for I see beggars on the streets. They haven't enough food to eat and yet here was something they had thrown aside.

As I came a little closer I saw this bundle move and I said: "There is life there, what is it?" Coming a little closer, I lifted the corner of an old ragged cotton quilt and found under it a man. He was stripped of most of his clothing, and was shivering with cold. I looked into his distressed eyes and said: "Friend, what are you doing here?"

He said: "O master, teacher, last night as I came out of the city with my little bundle of rice and other supplies, some men attacked me here, and robbed me, and beat me, and left me; and I do not know how long I was unconscious. But when I regained consciousness I cried for help. I could not get up. I cried for some time until some people came from this village, late at night,

and put this old quilt over me and I have been lying here shivering in the cold and I can't get up. Can't you help me? Can't you help me?"

I was happy that Southern Baptists had established a life-saving station down the street to meet just such needs as this, and I said: "Yes, my friend, we can help you. Wait a moment."

I stepped out to the street and sent a man for the stretcher-bearers. They brought a warm dry blanket and took this man down to the hospital. There he was given a bath and his bruises and wounds were dressed; hot food was provided and we made him comfortable in the ward. We sent to the village below the city for his little family, and his wife and children came straggling into the hospital and said: "All night we have gone hungry and we have waited for the father who did not come home." We told them we had come to China just to help the people in that way, but we had something better for them.

So during the days this man was in our hospital, having come from the vilest village around our city, he heard, for the first time in his life, about Jesus and his love. The consciousness of sin broke upon his soul and while in the hospital he acknowledged Christ as his Master. He was a changed man. He was transformed by the blood of Christ; that blood has the same power in China that it has here in the home land. It has cleansing power.

Have you ever had occasion, my friends, to take a microscope and look on a glass slide at a drop of human blood? I have looked at the blood from my own body and studied it. I have looked at

the blood of my family; I have looked at the blood of an American negro, a Russian, a Japanese, and many Chinese; I have found that every drop of human blood is exactly the same; there is no difference whatever under the microscope. It is always the same; and there is only one cleansing power for man's sins and that is the cleansing blood of Christ Jesus our Lord and it saved this man. He went back to his village and began to live for Christ.

The people in that village noticed that he was transformed; that he was a new man. He came down to the church and the services. A year later a woman from that same village came to the hospital and found Jesus as her Saviour. These two put their lives together, going into the homes and talking to the people and living the message of Christ and, day by day, they brought those people to a new realization of the gospel of Christ. In three or four years, it was the talk of that section that the lives in that village were being changed; and others were coming to the chapel to hear about Christ. So that message in China has the transforming power that it has here at home, and we have but to go and give it out.

I wonder if you could find a man in Tarrant County tonight who does not know who Jesus Christ was—who could not tell you anything true about him. I was on the streets of Canton, one day, with Dr. J. F. Love, Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board; he had just laid the corner stone of our new hospital in Wuchow and we had come down to a conference in

Canton. We went into the city to study the native life of the people. Standing there that afternoon, looking into the shop windows, we saw an elderly Chinese gentleman wearing a long silk coat. Seeing a white man in the street, he stopped.

I spoke to him in his own language and he said: "I am surprised to know that you can speak my talk. So many white men cannot talk to me. Where do you come from?"

I said: "I came from Wuchow."

He said: "What are you doing here?"

"I came to China some years ago to tell the Chinese people about Jesus Christ."

He looked around and said: "Jesus Christ? Who is he?" Looking at Dr. Love, by my side, as he turned to the street window, he said: "Is that Jesus Christ?" He had no knowledge of the Saviour and yet he was a retired business man, nearly eighty years of age. No one had ever come to tell him about the Master.

And then I remember coming one Sabbath morning into the wards of our hospital; the lady doctor was at my side and as we came into the women's ward she said: "We have a new patient, a mountain woman, who came in at three o'clock this morning. Be a little bit careful, she has never seen a white man. She is a little afraid; we don't want to frighten her." Coming in I saw a woman seventy-two years of age sitting on the bedside; I was dressed in my white coat, with a doctor and nurse by my side; she turned and saw the first white man she had ever seen; as quickly as a flash, she said: "Are you Jesus?"

It wasn't a trivial question. I had been in that city more than ten years and no one had ever asked me that question before. It stirred my soul. Here was a woman that had put into expression that which was back of all the thinking of all the Chinese people who knew and understood our mission to China. Had I always lived Jesus? No. Paul said: "For me to live is Christ." Had I lived Jesus? Not always perhaps. In the busy rush of the hospital work there had been so many times that I hadn't been patient; so many times when I had spoken a quick word to some nurse or doctor; I had not always given the attention to some patient that I might have given; I had not always lived Jesus. I looked back through the years and I saw those thousands who had come to the hospital, or to the dispensary, or in the street; seeing the missionary there, they were asking that question: Are you Jesus? Are you living Christ? I knew full well how often I had failed and I went back, that Sabbath morning, into the inner office and was on my face before the Master asking for strength and grace to answer that question so that every one of those people seeing me might realize I was trying to live Christ and make him real to them.

What about it here in the homeland? Are we living for Christ? My friends, those out yonder in the various walks of life who are not Christians, seeing you and seeing me, know that we have taken him and know that we are living as Christian people. They know where we are on the Sabbath morning. They know where we are on

Monday morning, and what we are doing all through the week, and they are looking into our lives and asking that question: Are you Jesus? Are you living for him? And, when Christian people all over our land answer that question and live day by day for Christ—then the kingdom of God will come and people without Christ will seek a knowledge of him and will come and find him as Saviour. Let us pray that we may be consistent Christians: that we may answer that question before a lost world!

Going to China does not make a missionary. Just the fact that you get on a steamer and go out to some foreign land won't transform you and make you a missionary. Oh, no. If you haven't that compassion for the lost, if you cannot surrender your lives and win the lost at home,—going across the seas won't make you do it. Just so far as you are missionary here at home, and have the desire to win the lost to Christ, so far are you missionary.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSION WORK

We have various departments of work on the mission field. It has been my lot to give my time entirely to the hospital work; it has been a gracious privilege; and yet there are other forms of work that I would not minimize. Oh, the joy of standing there where the thousands come and, through the ministry of healing, of bringing them the double cure, first of their bodies, and then through Jesus Christ, of their souls in the forgiveness of their sins!

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR

I remember a man with a tremendous mass on his cheek who came into our hospital. It was a terrible thing. He was from the country and I "warmed up to him," because I like to talk to those rugged men from far out in the mountains.

I said: "My friend, how long have you had this mass on your cheek?"

He said: "Eighteen years."

I said: "Why haven't you had it attended to?"

"There was no one to whom I could go."

I said: "Has no missionary ever come back yonder 250 miles in the mountains to tell you about Jesus? Didn't they tell you that we had a hospital down here?"

He said: "No white man has ever come except two men who passed through giving out samples of American cigarettes and they couldn't help me. I tried one doctor and he could not operate because he said it would cost me my life. I have heard you could give me a little dream medicine and put me to sleep, and that you could operate; so I have come."

He said: "Can't you help me?"

I said: "Yes, I think so."

We took this man into the operating room, gave the anaesthetic, and removed that tremendous mass. He was in the hospital six weeks, while it was healing. Every morning, the pastor spoke to him of Christ, and the nurses talked to him about things eternal; then he came to the chapel. He was not an educated man.

The time came when he was to go home. He came into my office and said: "I am going back now. There is just a little scar here where the mass used to be and I am going back into the foot hills. I am so happy." "But," he said, "before I go I want to ask you to give me a few of those little tracts,—those gospel messages, the little printed page."

I said: "Why, certainly, but what are you going to do with them? You can't read."

He said: "Oh, I want to take them back to the village; I want to gather the scholars and school teachers and village elders together and I want them to read about Jesus. I have had the message here. I knew nothing of it when I came. I want to give it to those people, up yonder."

Can't you see the man as he is leaving the hospital, taking the little bundle of clothes and the little package of tracts, trudging his way, 250 miles into the interior?

Just a little scar where that mass had been, going back to tell his people the good news of salvation. A new light in his eye! A smile on his lips! Giving out the gospel message just like any other new convert,—just like you, when you first found Jesus to be your Saviour. You wanted to go out and tell someone else; so, in this man's heart, this transformation had come, and he wanted to go back that his people might have the blessings and the joy of salvation.

So, friends, out in China we but have to give it out as you give it out here at home; they are ready to hear and seek Christ. There are times of dis-

couragement. I think Christian work is the hardest work anyone can do. I have never seen a man yet that did not pay the price of success in religious work, possibly passing through some great crisis when his character and his work were attacked; but when he comes through this, he comes into a realization, through Christ, of his message to the world and it makes him a real worker for Christ. You may be facing some crisis, or some doubt; there may be some discouragement; it may be your testing time; but when you pay the price of absolute surrender to Christ, then you are ready for kingdom service.

WHAT I FOUND IN CHINA

When I went out to China, I did not know what equipment I was going to have. They told me that Southern Baptists had a hospital out there and I, of course, thought it was a real hospital. But when I arrived at the city of Wuchow and went into what they called a hospital, I was not proud of what Southern Baptists had in that province of eight millions of people. There was an old Chinese residence attached to another building, and somewhat remodeled. They called it a hospital. There were no screens, no sanitation; the flies were everywhere; not an electric light; not an electric fan in the city,—and no running water.

We did not need heat in the building. We could not have had it if we had needed it. We had one little sterilizer. When we wanted to prepare cotton and bandages for surgical operations we had

to get a coal oil lamp and sterilize all our surgical instruments in that crude way.

Friends, it was discouraging; and yet I found that a great work had been done and the foundation for a great clinic had already been laid.

I began to study the language; two years it took, six hours a day, digging away at it. Saturdays, I went down to the hospital and did the surgical work. On Sundays I would see the patients between the service hours in the chapel; on Monday I was back at my language. The whole situation was discouraging, but, friends, we could pray and we still had God on our side; so we labored on.

I found that the hospital was drawing \$1,800.00 a year of Baptist money. I felt it ought to be brought to self-support. I felt that we should not pauperize the Chinese people for they had money for other things. Not all but a great many of the people were able to pay and I said: "We must bring this hospital to self-support."

One day the Commissioner of Customs came to me and said: "Dr. Leavell, will you take the position of Customs Surgeon. It will mean \$2,000 a year to your hospital?"

I said: "If I do not take the work what will you do?"

He said: "I will call on you anyway."

In 1916 the hospital became self-supporting. But the hospital wasn't adequate for the needs of that great city.

In 1915 the river overflowed; the building was flooded right up to the roof and we had to salvage

what we could of everything, putting things in boats until the flood waters went down. It was most discouraging but we still had God and we could still pray and so we said: "We must have a new hospital and we asked our Board in Richmond for it. When we talk about hospitals in this country, we think about hundreds of thousands of dollars; so our Board in Richmond said: "We will give you \$5,000 for your hospital." That was glorious! But we didn't have a foot of land for a new building. The old building site was too near the river's edge.

HOW THE HOSPITAL GOT STARTED

A committee went to the governor and said: "Governor, we want to build a hospital."

He said: "It is the greatest institution among the people. If you want to build a hospital I will give you a piece of land on the one condition,—that you build a hospital equal to the need."

"Governor, where is it going to be?"

He said: "It is going to be on a hillside;—five and one-half acres."

We found that we had just 1,600 graves to be moved off that hillside. Discouraging, friends, discouraging! But we still had God and we could still pray! We had to pay those people to move the graves. It wouldn't be an easy matter to move a graveyard in this country—much less in China with its reverence for the dead. But the government issued a proclamation. The people began to move the graves. Some of them held only ashes so they put them in earthen jars, as the

Chinese do, and buried them on the mountain side. We called them "potted ancestors." Then we found on a lower level that there were forty people living in houses to which they had no title. It was government land and they had to be paid to move. The government gave them a piece of land down further. Those little houses were not hard to tear down; they were like the houses in the days of Christ; tile roof, no cement, no steel, —just little bamboo houses on poles. We paid the forty families to move, and we had our land clear. It was high and dry above flood stage; but we didn't have a dollar. We had spent all our money. Yet we had promised to build a hospital and the government had given us the land on condition that we build equipment equal to the needs of the people.

The World War came on and our Board said: "No money is available." We stood there, two years, facing disaster and wondering how God was going to lead us out. We looked to him in faith.

Sometimes I got so discouraged I felt like packing my things and coming home saying, "Defeat, defeat!" While we could not raise a dollar for the hospital we could still pray, we talked to God, and held on.

Teaching truth through the eye! One night a thousand business men gathered in our chapel to hear a stereopticon lecture on sanitation and hygiene. As these thousand men walked out, I was packing the lantern slides when a Chinese merchant came down and said: "Dr. Leavell, where is the hospital which was to have been built on that hill?"

I said: "We haven't any money."

He said: "The Americans have plenty of money."

I said: "I am discouraged, I do not know what to do. I have a beautiful plan already drawn; I have the stakes set, but I haven't a dollar."

He said: "You ought to begin. I tell you, I am a friend of that hospital. If you do not go to building soon, the Chinese people are going to force the officials of the government to take back the land and you are going to lose everything."

I said: "I know they are talking about that."

I tell you the reason we sold that brick building and were willing to go and live in that little wooden house on the hill side,—we called it "Linger Longer"—it had a bath room not as big as that piano, but no running water; it had only an earthen crock and the cooley had to bring water and put in it. There was no bath tub. There was a zinc one on the back porch,—one of those little round ones we use in washing clothes. We had to bring that tub in and we had a terrible argument about how we were going to manage to get it in there and bathe at the same time. Five by seven feet was about the size of that bath room; but that was home, friends, and we were on that land and kept it from going back to the Chinese officials.

So we managed to keep things going until Dr. Love came. The reason we had the privilege of entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Love was that we had a little oil heater in our bathroom; they let us have Dr. and Mrs. Love as our guests so that Mrs.

Love could be comfortable those cool mornings, in that bathroom.

There was only a single tile roof on the house and the tropical sun poured down on us. We lived there ten years. That was home. That was "Linger Longer." They told us it was going to be our temporary home but it came near to being our permanent dwelling place.

All the time, the hospital was on my mind. I said: "Yes, I am living in that wooden house hoping some day to have a hospital and I am trying to hold the land. Don't let the people take it away from us. Maybe somehow God will answer our prayer and we will have a hospital."

A CHINESE TITHER

The Chinese merchant said: "When you start that hospital I will give you \$1,000." I said: "Thank you, thank you! We will start tomorrow morning."

I went to his office the next morning at nine o'clock, and he counted out the first \$300.00 in 20-cent pieces, every cent of it; I put it in a bag and swung it on my shoulder. Lindbergh wasn't nearly as happy to see Paris as I was when I went back to the hospital! The men were soon beginning to dig the trenches and people all over the city saw that we had begun. We had demonstrated that we had come with a seriousness of purpose and that we would build a hospital to the glory of God.

I went again to my friend's office and he gave me the second payment of \$300.00 in 20-cent pieces. I put it on my shoulder as before and

went back with it. Then I went back for the last payment and he counted out \$400.00, all in 20-cent pieces. (I guess he was a tither, he had it ready!)

We hadn't gone far, my friends, but we had been praying much that God would give us the money to go on with that building. I thought, that afternoon, as I looked at the books and found that I had only two Chinese 20-cent pieces left, that tomorrow these men won't be working in this brick and mortar unless God comes to our rescue. That afternoon, when the mail came from the United States, there was a draft for 5,000 gold dollars given by my wife's church in Clarksville, Tennessee. We had a hallelujah time! Why, I opened two bottles of grape juice and we invited the Chinese Christians and the missionaries to come in and we had a real celebration! Then we had a season of prayer and thanksgiving,—praising God and thanking him. The next day we went on with the building of the hospital. Finally we had gotten it nearly ready for patients, and had just \$3.00 left.

GETTING A GIFT FROM A CHINESE GENTLEMAN

I went to a Chinese gentleman upon whom I had operated a few years before, and said: "I am stuck. I want you to help us."

He said: "It is a great institution. My life was saved there. I have a copy of the New Testament you gave me. I keep it under my pillow and read it every day. It's the greatest book that ever came into my life."

I said: "General Mak, you are the greatest friend among twenty-seven millions of people; you heard about Jesus in that hospital; I operated on you with these hands and saved your life; I want you to live for him; I would rather you would live for Christ among your people than to make a gift for the Hospital in Wuchow, but I want you to do that too. I want you to give us something worth while."

He said: "I will give you one thousand dollars."

I said: "Governor, I won't take a thousand dollars. I won't take it."

He said: "What is it? Why not?"

I said: "It is not enough."

I knew that I had to "talk price." My faith had led me to believe he would give \$3,000 but I said: "Governor, give me \$10,000. Do something big for God. I have seen men try to move God by doing something easy. Do something worth while. Give me \$10,000."

He said: "I cannot do it."

I stayed and talked to him for two hours; drank tea, but knew it was not clean and sterile, but that dirty table cloth didn't embarrass me. I was praying as I talked.

After two hours he said: "Well I tell you, I will give you \$5,000 for the hospital."

I said: "Thank you sir, I'll take that."

And that Chinese gentleman put \$5,000 into your hospital.

And then we sold the old building on the river to be a post-office and we put the money into the building and we finally got into the new building.

Dr. Love dedicated it. Then we came home. With Dr. Scarborough we went into the great 75-Million Campaign; we went back to China, in 1920, with \$40,000 to complete the hospital. The third story was built, then the fourth, and on the top was built a chapel seating 250 people.

Down in front was the free clinic.

Four years ago, next Christmas, we called the gentry and citizens of our city together and dedicated to the glory of God the largest hospital that Southern Baptists have in all the foreign fields.

There was not a cent of debt on it. It was reinforced concrete, with 125 beds; built and dedicated to the glory of God, that lost men might know Jesus. The last year I was there 23,500 patients came through this hospital. We gave back in free healing \$10,000 dollars worth of drugs and service. Since 1916, it hasn't cost Southern Baptists a dollar except for the salaries of the missionaries to carry on the work.

There were moments of discouragement; we had dark hours, but we still had God. We could still pray. God never let the work stop for one hour from the day we started with \$300.00 in Chinese 20-cent pieces. It is out there today standing for the glory of God. Dr. and Mrs. Bailey are there and the nurses are there and they are working in that institution that men might know Christ.

We have come home for a little furlough and our Board informs me that it will be impossible to send me back to that institution! Year be-

fore last, we sent to the Foreign Mission Board in Richmond \$1,000 net earnings and said: "Put it on the debt of Southern Baptists for their foreign mission work." The Board tells me that for lack of a salary of \$800.00 a year, they cannot send me back. I love that hospital. I counted every brick in it. I have seen men won to Christ there. I have prayed through the clouds to God and he has answered prayer. They are dying out yonder without Christ and we want to go back. I thank God for the spirit of Southern Baptists and for men and women so consecrated in their sacrificing love for Christ, that those out yonder might know him. They have given that some of us, through faith, might go back to our fields of labor. This is the message, friends, that we may love Jesus, that we might answer the question of that Chinese woman, each and every one of us: "Are you Jesus?" "Are you Jesus?"

CHAPTER III

PRAYER, THE POWER ON THE MISSION FIELD

Someone asked me recently what was the greatest asset of the missionary and without hesitation my answer was—*prayer*. This morning I want to bring you a message out of my experience, hoping that I may make clear to you the great necessity for prayer. Surely, as Christian people, without prayer, our ministry in the name of the Master will be fruitless. Jesus himself found it necessary to go alone on the mountain for prayer; and, after these great spiritual experiences, he went into the valley of service to give himself to his fellow men; if he needed it, surely it is necessary for us in our human frailty and weakness to be continually in prayer.

Isn't it a glorious thing that the throne of God is ever accessible to the children of the heavenly Father? Some people seem to think that the missionaries who go out to the ends of the earth have a somewhat closer calling, a closer touch through prayer, with God. There are times when, without prayer, it would be impossible to go on. But it does seem to me that while we haven't a monopoly, it is necessary to pray a little more perhaps a little longer, sometimes,—because of the great

compact of sin, superstition and idolatry in which we labor.

Just think, friends, of being in an atmosphere where every tendency is to drag one down, and where there are no great uplifting meetings where one may go for spiritual refreshment! Just imagine seven years on the mission field without the thrill that comes from the mighty pipe organ when played by an artist. Just imagine the hard benches, a little chapel with no beautiful windows, no comfortable pews, and each term of service seven years. Just imagine going back into the street with that mass of humanity worshipping idols, living in superstition and sin, and with only a little handful picked out of the great mass who know God. Think of continually giving out, giving out, giving out in Jesus' name, having to draw on your own resources for your inspiration and, through prayer, seeking the favor of God day by day.

So we are driven to prayer; but, how mighty it is to realize that God answers prayer. How glorious it is to know that there are God's children, even across the seas and on this side, who are continually upholding the missionaries at the throne; and how marvelous it is when the answer comes!

I shall never forget coming back to the United States after our first term of service. We arrived on the Pacific Coast and stopped for a day in Seattle, Washington. It was the Sabbath day and, for the first time in nearly seven years, we went into the tabernacle that morning with people of our own tongue. Into that beautiful

auditorium we went and, when we took our seats, the strains of that mighty organ thrilled our souls; then the congregation stood and sang "All The Way My Saviour Leads Me." I looked at my wife. The tears were coming down her cheeks and I turned away with a heart full of thanksgiving, as I realized that all the way he had led us and that whatever victory had come was in answer to prayer.

Some thirty or forty years ago, a lady missionary,—the first single lady to go from this country under our Board to Canton, South China,—was passing through the streets of Canton and in the doorway of one of the homes she saw a young girl. She felt constrained to stop and speak to her. Stopping, she was invited into the house and she talked to this girl about things of which she had never heard. She told her about Jesus and his love; a few days later she came again to the same door and again she was invited into this home. This time the mother-in-law of the girl to whom this missionary had talked also listened to her story. Years later, we needed in our hospital a Bible woman. We had searched through the entire mission field for a trained Bible woman to come into the hospital to give her life to the women and to go down into the dispensary every morning and talk to the people about Jesus. We prayed and the station joined in prayer. Request went down to Canton and there was a search for a suitable worker.

MRS. LIU COMES TO WUCHOW

It was a long wait, but, one morning at breakfast table, in our little home, the servant announced that a Chinese woman was at the front door. We wondered why a Chinese woman would call at our door at that hour of the day. It was rather unusual and the boy said that it was an elderly Chinese woman with bound feet, but with a beautiful face. Mrs. Leavell said quickly, when she heard that message: "Oh, it's the Bible woman. It couldn't be anything but the Bible woman." And going to the door we found there, indeed, one of the redeemed of China's millions who had come to be the Bible woman in our hospital. Years ago, a missionary had talked to her about Jesus and, after the missionary had left, the mother-in-law scolded because this daughter-in-law had taken the privilege of inviting a stranger into the home. We welcomed that morning this Chinese Bible woman who had finished a course in our training school, had worked in another station as a Bible teacher and she now had come into our midst prepared, consecrated, and experienced in service. I have never seen in any of our missionary fields a woman of more spiritual power.

I have never seen a woman more devoted to her task, and I have never seen prayer life more fully exemplified than in that of Mrs. Liu, the present Bible woman in our hospital at Wuchow. I remember, on one occasion, when she was called to the bedside of a little boy who was suffering from typhoid fever. All through the night, this faithful Bible woman sat with the mother in

the sickroom and prayed that God might restore the boy to health, and that he might go back into that home, where his mother was the only Christian, as a living witness to the power of answered prayer. How glorious it is to see prayer magnified in the life of a Christian worker!

At one time, I was called to leave our station at Wuchow and proceed to Canton which is 250 miles down the river below our city. A committee meeting had been called and it was very necessary to our mission work. But when I investigated, I found that the pirates down the river were holding up all traffic and the Chinese said: "It is hazardous for you to start to Canton. The steamers are being fired upon and robbed."

But I said: "I must go if possible because important matters are to be discussed."

It looked as though it were impossible to make the journey; but we came together as a mission station in prayer and called upon God for his guidance and protection. It came to me that it was my duty to go although I might be risking my life. I boarded the steamer that afternoon and before traveling very far I was told that, as the steamer came up to our city that day, the pirates had demanded a large sum of money, else it would not be allowed to pass on the downward journey. Not being prepared to meet that demand it was with anxiety that we slipped through the darkness down that river. Next morning, at daylight, we dropped anchor at the fork of two rivers where I was to get a train and go thirty miles into Canton.

We had just dropped our anchor when firing was heard and soon rifle fire was shelling our boat.

There were a great many Chinese passengers and there was great anxiety. They were huddled together on the floor for safety. I scrambled to the other side of the deck and took my place there, with the fire coming from the opposite bank of the river. It wasn't long until we realized that we were in a very dangerous position. Then an American gun boat, anchored just below our steamer, sent a lieutenant with a motor boat and machine gun.

Coming up he said: "What is the matter."

We replied: "We don't know."

"Can I help you in any way?" he said.

Ours was a British boat. The British captain told him we did not understand why we were being fired upon but he did not think there was anything that the American gunboat could do. In a little while the firing ceased. I was asked to leave the steamer and go down to the American gunboat for protection. It was nearly daylight and, at 6:20, I was to get the train for Canton. The steamer left on its way to Hong Kong and we found that some soldiers on the river bank were cleaning out a nest of their enemies and that we were in the line of fire; they thought they would have some fun firing on the steamer just to see what would happen. At about 5:30 I went ashore. I said to the customs' officer: "I want to get the morning train to Canton."

He replied: "There will be no train this morning."

I said: "What, there is a train every morning at 6:20 to Canton."

"But there will be no train this morning," he said.

I asked: "Why?"

He said: "Because the pirates last night tore up the track and the train cannot get there."

Then I said: "Is there a steamer this morning to Canton?" It is a twelve hours' journey around through the channel by steamer.

He said: "There is no steamer."

"But I must be in Canton at 4:00 o'clock this afternoon, if possible, for a committee meeting."

He said: "I don't see any way for you to get there."

Just at daylight, friends, I realized that there was but one chance and that would be in some unusual passage to Canton.

I was thrown on prayer and I walked out on the river bank just at the break of day and put my life again into the hands of God and called upon him.

I said: "Lord, if it is thy will, give me a passage to Canton this morning that I may be at this mission meeting that we may plan for thy work."

And, friends, I had been there only a little while, praying, when a customs' officer came and said: "Dr. Leavell, you see that motor boat coming down the river? It is going to Canton but it doesn't stop here. Perhaps if you will wave and call to them, they will pick you up."

I got out a little closer and called to them. They must have thought I was a customs' officer.

The pilot said: "What do you want?"

"Are you the captain of this motor boat? I want to go to Canton."

His answer was: "I don't think you ought to go with us."

"Why?" I said.

"There are pirates down this channel and yesterday they told us that today we would have to pay \$3,000 or they would pirate our boat and we haven't the \$3,000."

I said: "But I want to go."

"You will have to go at your own risk."

I said: "I will go, and as you take the motor boat down I will pray for God's protecting love."

I climbed into the boat. On the deck there were some pigs, baskets, and produce of different kinds.

In about two hours on the way to Canton, one of the ship's officers came and said: "All passengers down below."

I said: "What is the matter?"

He said: "We are getting into the pirate district. It's going to be dangerous to stay here, we are going to be fired upon."

All the Chinese passengers went below. I stayed there a few minutes, perhaps very foolishly but I did not feel afraid and I wanted to see what was going to happen.

In a little while the captain said: "Sir, you had better come down. We have a little room down there where we keep our ship's papers and it is covered with steel. You had better get in for safety's sake."

I thought his advice was good and so I went with them into this little cubby hole just above the water line.

In a little while, I saw the pilot as he looked through the hole steering the boat, and I saw the rapids ahead, and heard rifle fire and he put on more speed.

We were sailing through the river with the shells raining and one or two hit right at my back. The Chinese were panic stricken. I somehow did not feel afraid. I knew that to hit a rock would mean to sink; yet, I was calm. I tried to pray, and friends, I seemed to get close to God. He seemed to answer and give his protection. I knew there were others praying whose prayers perhaps were of more avail than my own.

We passed through the rifle fire and in a little while the ship's official said: "All passengers upon deck." They said to me, these four men, the captain, major and other officials, "White man, why are you not afraid? We were scared. You did not seem to be scared."

I said: "I was praying to the true God."

They said: "But we didn't see you bowing down."

I said: "No, it is not necessary, as I pray to the true God."

I talked to them forty-five minutes about God and his Son, Jesus Christ, about prayer and forgiveness of sin, and they listened to all that I had to say.

Then I went up on the top with the passengers. They came to collect fares; and when they came

to me, I reached into my pocket and got out my money.

The officer said: "No fare from you this morning."

I said: "But I am going to pay my fare."

"We won't have it," he said.

I said: "What is the matter? I am a self-respecting citizen. I am not a bum. I came aboard as a passenger. Please let me pay my fare to Canton."

"No, no fare for you."

I said: "Please tell me why."

And as the passengers listened this man said: "If you had not prayed to the true God down there in the captain's cabin, this morning, we would not be here." And he said: "Whenever you want to go, you just can come with us and we won't take your fare."

And when they had gone I had a glorious opportunity of talking to thirty or forty Chinese about prayer and about the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Friends, can you explain to me in any reasonable way other than through answered prayer how God delivered us out of that experience? I do not believe that I could ever have started without the assurance that he would protect us as we traveled; and thus it comes to us on the mission field every day.

In that old hospital that I told you about, last night, there was a little operating table. It was too low for comfort; yet, for about ten years, we had used it. Sometimes when one stood over that table for an hour and a half, or considerably

longer,—it seemed as though one's back would break. When we moved into the new hospital we had only that table. We needed a new one. We had been praying for a table and, one day, a traveling salesman selling hospital furniture came from San Francisco.

He said: "Dr. Leavell, you need a new operating table. Here's one that will fit every need."

He showed me the plan of one with a foot pedal. It could be lowered or raised and could be turned in any position. It could be made longer or shorter. He explained the wonderful new table and said, "I would like to put one in here."

"What will it cost?" I said.

"Seven hundred and fifty gold dollars, plus the duty and freight."

"But I can't stand that much expense in our hospital accounts at this time." That would mean nearly two thousand in Chinese money.

He was a good salesman and said: "I will tell you. If you buy this table I will send it out to you on six months' approval, and, after six months, if it is not satisfactory, send it back to us at our expense; and if it is satisfactory, you can pay \$100.00 per month."

I said: "Well, we built this hospital on faith. God has seen it through. It is not extravagance. If you are willing to make me that proposition I am going to buy it and trust God to give us the money to pay for it."

The table came. It was the marvel of all the devices of our hospital. The Chinese were surprised at its efficiency. Six months passed. We

had used it satisfactorily. The time came almost without our thinking when a payment was due. In the mail from America, the first letter in the stack was a bill from San Francisco demanding the first payment. As I opened that letter, realized that we had to dig out of our hospital accounts more than \$200.00 to meet the first payment, and others were to come; I also realized that we didn't have the money to meet the bill; but we hadn't forgotten to pray. We had been praying during this time that God would supply that need when it was due, and I put the letter down with a prayer. The next letter in the stack of mail had a return address that I had never seen. It was written by hand and was from Covington, Kentucky; I wondered what the letter might contain as I opened it. The lady writing was a trained nurse. She wrote,—“I saw in one of the denominational papers where you needed a new operating table in the hospital at Wuchow and I wanted to fill that need, and so have gathered the women in our missionary society together and we have \$600.00 ready to buy that table. I am sending you a cut of a table made in Cincinnati. If that will be satisfactory we will send it. If you would rather have the money, it is ready.”

Can you explain to me this morning how it was, other than through faith in God, that, way out yonder in China, a prayer went up to the throne of God and it was answered through a person and a source of which we had no knowledge, yonder in Kentucky? God was answering that prayer.

You have had similar experiences. God answers prayer. Oh the glory of it, and how dependent we are upon him!

THE WELL AT WUCHOW

Another very striking answer to prayer that we had on our field was in connection with the water supply for our hospital. Water had to be carried from the river. There was not a deep well in all that section. We had been praying for a water supply adequate to our needs.

One day a Chinese man came and said: "I will dig you a well."

I said: "You will?"

He said: "Yes, I'll dig you a well and get you a supply of water."

I said: "Why two American geologists have surveyed this territory and said there is no water available."

He said: "I will dig you a well."

I said: "What is your proposition?"

He said: "If you will give me \$1,500 I will get you a supply of water."

I said: "On one condition—I do not pay you a cent until you have secured the water and until we have tested the well by pumping continually for three days and nights."

I said: "You dig right here and I'll pray."

He drilled away until he got down thirty feet and struck a rock and lost his drill.

I said to him: "Well, I am not going to quit praying."

Three months passed. He had not gone very far. Six months passed and he was 200 feet and no water.

He said: "I have struck a hard rock.

I said: "What are you going to do now?"

He said: "I am going to keep pegging away."

I said: "I will pray."

Nine months passed and he hadn't passed yet through the rock. A year passed and he had gone down about twenty feet into the rock. He came hurriedly into my office one morning and said: "I lost the drill."

I said: "What's the matter?"

He said: "It's gone through."

I said: "I have been praying for you. You must have struck something. Let's go out and see. We will measure and see where the water stands in the well."

We found that 29½ feet below the surface of the ground the water stood in the well. We started pumping. We pumped three days and nights and, when we measured, the water was just a little higher in the well than it was when we started.

I sent to America and got a pump to put in a motor. We pumped that well, sent a gallon down to the British expert for a chemical analysis in Hong Kong. He pronounced it perfectly pure.

The missionaries' health began to improve. One lady missionary gained 25 pounds from drinking pure water. The Chinese came from all around that section to see the well. It was a marvel to those Chinese people and they kept coming from

far and near, to see the water flowing. The supply was inexhaustible.

Friends, I don't believe for one moment that that was just a haphazard well. I stand to acknowledge God as the giver of that well, the only well in all of South China where the water is pure and fit for drinking purposes.

I do not claim for one moment that it was my prayers that had been so abundantly answered; but it was my prayers along with those of God's children here in the home land.

What could we do without prayer? What would we amount to in God's service without prayer? Is there a little thing or any big thing that does not deserve our prayers for the Master and his work?

THE GREAT OPERATION

It was three o'clock in the morning and I was called to the hospital. Going into that operating room I found the lady doctor, whom I told you about, standing by the operating table upon which was a woman,—tired, mutilated in body, distressed and diseased. For thirty-six hours, she had been in the hands of a Chinese mid-wife and that little life was struggling to come into the world. But infected hands had already contaminated the body, and we found that it was necessary to perform the greatest surgical operation known to modern medical science to save the mother's life.

There was no help to be called other than the Chinese doctors and nurses in the hospital and I

said: "As quickly as we can we must operate." Everything was prepared and I said to one of the Chinese doctors: "You will have to be very careful as you give the anaesthetic. It is a dangerous case. We must save this life if possible."

Everything was ready. I stood there over that operating table that morning alone except for those Chinese doctors and nurses and, for one moment, I turned aside; I realized that when I picked up that scalpel it perhaps meant the going out of a life that had not yet heard about Jesus. Something came over me and I stopped.

I realized the risk that was mine. I had been working very hard and I was tired and, somehow, for the first time in about 2,000 major operations, this right hand fell and I wasn't able to go on. I stood there helpless and didn't know what to do. It came to me that I hadn't called upon my God through Jesus Christ for help in that case. I walked to the open window and looked out upon those shining stars and, in my weakness, I called upon him to supply strength for that needy moment.

I said: "For Jesus' sake give us the courage and strength to go on this morning and give us victory that this woman might know Jesus."

And as I prayed I felt the power. It just seemed to come over me with a great swell and I turned back to the table to perform that operation.

The mother is living today, having acknowledged Jesus as her Saviour, having confessed him before she left the hospital, and today is living

as one of his redeemed. Oh the joy! Oh the glory! The victory of prayer!

And so as we go into our life's work for the Master, let us realize the necessity for prayer, the foundation upon which all of our work must be done. If we go not in prayer, we go not to succeed; and if we go not, who shall go? Jesus has paid the price.

God has done his part. He left the message in our hands and told us to go. If we fail to take that message to the ends of the earth,—who is going to take it?

Some one has said that God alone can save a soul but that God alone never saves a soul. The responsibility is ours. The gospel is like a torch, the more you shake it the brighter it shines. He is looking to us to hold up that torch and, through prayer and faith and courage, take the message unto the uttermost parts of the earth. What other feet has God to use in taking the gospel message but your feet and mine? What other hands has God to use but yours and mine? What other voice has God to speak with but yours and mine? Through prayer, may we see God's call and may the victory be won until Jesus shall come.

CHAPTER 4

SACRIFICES

I want to talk this evening about some of the sacrifices that I have seen our Chinese Christians make for the gospel of Jesus Christ. And I want us, as we think of these things, to turn the search-light of the Holy Spirit upon our own hearts and lives and thoughts and see wherein we are called upon to make sacrifices for our Master and his gospel. Some are making sacrifices, noble sacrifices that are glorifying God; but there are so many of our people who are indifferent to the great call and responsibility that is theirs, through the churches, to enter God's plan of salvation for the saving of a lost world.

When I went out to China in 1912, they assigned to me a young Baptist boy as a language teacher. He knew a few words of English and I knew nothing of Chinese. But he came every morning to our house and he and I sat for six hours together, every day, he saying something and I trying to say it like he said it. I did not know what he was talking about. Sometimes those long hours were trying and it did not seem that I was getting very far singing those Chinese tones, or trying to sing them and say them as this Chinese man had said them to me.

I found out that this young man was an orphan. He had been raised in the home of one of the missionaries. He was of a good family, well educated, and desired to study medicine and to practice among his own people.

I encouraged him in that idea and, when he went to the medical school, I helped him a little in a financial way. During the four years he was in the medical college in Canton he came back to our hospital in Wuchow and spent the summer months. He worked in the laboratory and in the wards of our hospital. I held out to him the prospect of great service in our hospital as a Christian physician. But when he graduated with first honors of his class, he was in debt. The Chinese military organization offered him a handsome salary and a good position to give his life to the army as a doctor. I was a little disappointed because he accepted that position at \$170.00 a month; far more than we could possibly pay him in the mission hospital. He felt that he had to pay the debt that he had incurred for his medical course.

I encouraged him to live a Christian life among those soldiers and I watched him for two years and wondered whether he would ever come back to the mission work. I had been praying for him and had been watching his career.

WHAT DR. WAN GAVE UP

One day, when I was in Canton he asked for a conference, and he said: "I want to come back to the mission hospital."

I asked him, "What is the matter, Dr. Wan?"

He replied, "Well, I have about paid all my debts and I have a pretty good opportunity in the Chinese army: I have plenty of sick men to deal with; I do not have to work very hard; they pay me a good salary; I am respected." Then he hung his head and waited a moment and said: "Dr. Leavell, I am not happy."

I asked, "What is the matter?"

Then he said: "I feel the time has come when I should give up the work here in the Chinese army and make a sacrifice of my life, if need be, for my Master. The place that I feel that he is calling me to fill is yonder in the mission hospital." He continued: "I don't like the atmosphere of the Chinese army. It is not Christian and while I can live my life I miss that congenial Christian atmosphere, where friends come and give their lives in Christian service and win their fellows to Christ."

I said to my friend, Dr. Wan, "Of course you understand that our mission funds and our hospital will not allow us to pay you a very big salary. We could offer you, perhaps, \$60.00 a month and you could come and live in our institution."

He said: "The salary doesn't matter. I want to find peace. I want to be happy."

And he resigned his position in the army. He came back to the mission work in order to have peace in his own heart and find a congenial Christian atmosphere where he could teach Jesus Christ to his own people.

I wonder if some of our people are not perhaps being called upon to make the same sacrifice just now. That was a great sacrifice for a young Chinese man just getting a start in life. He gave himself unreservedly,—all his time and strength,—that he might further the gospel of Jesus Christ. He is there today in that great city, living his sacrificial life for his Master. It has been an inspiration to me to watch him and to realize that he is doing these things at a personal sacrifice.

A few years ago, the time came when our convention of two provinces, in South China, needed a state secretary, just as we have our state board secretaries in this country. There was an outstanding Baptist layman in one of our cities and we called upon him to be the secretary. He was the greatest personal evangelist that I had ever known among the Chinese people. He knew his Bible; he knew his Lord. He lived his life in service for the Master. He took the position for two years on the condition that he would not receive one penny in salary for his services. He was a well-to-do man. He was ordained and is living out there today; one of our most outstanding, faithful Christian workers.

We are not the only ones that are called upon to sacrifice for the gospel of Jesus Christ. Our Chinese Christians are being called upon to pay the price. This man made a sacrifice, financially.

I recall a young woman who was teaching in our girls' school in Wuchow, when the great political upheaval came. The looters felt that they could confiscate our mission property. When this

lady principal, a great Bible teacher, was sought out by these radicals and called upon to turn over the school that Southern Baptists had built, she left the school one morning and went to the hill-sides to pray and to avoid meeting the representative officials of the radicals who came in to force her to compromise.

Finally they got hold of the situation and cornered this teacher. She was marched into official headquarters and they said to her: "We want you to turn that school over to us. We are going to take it over and make a government school of it. We want you to be the head teacher of that school."

But this woman looked those men in the eyes and said: "You can kill me if you like. I'll not surrender that school! It stands for the teaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ and if I can't stand in that school and teach Jesus to my people then I won't be connected with the school."

They said: "We will make you principal of the school and give you a handsome salary."

But this teacher said: "If you offered me a thousand dollars a month I would not be connected with that school in any way except for the purpose of teaching Jesus Christ to my own people."

That may seem to you a very little thing for a Chinese girl to say to high dignitaries in China; but I can assure you that it took courage for her to go into the official headquarters of a Chinese government and stand boldly before them and tell them that she stood for the gospel of Jesus

Christ; and that though they might kill her, she would not surrender that school to anyone who would not hold up the teachings of the Saviour.

I wonder if we could be as courageous. I wonder if the testing has ever come to us like it has come to our Chinese teachers in the last two or three years. My friends, what price are we paying for the gospel of Jesus Christ in this country? It all just seems to be handed to us; it all just comes as a matter of course and we have the churches and the organizations and comfortable places to worship and the gospel on every side.

Every blessing that we have comes as a result of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We have the schools, a result of the gospel; we have a country where law and order prevail because of the gospel of Jesus Christ; we have the hospitals and doctors; we have health, and hygiene, and sanitation, and every modern blessing, because our country has been favored with the gospel of Jesus Christ.

But in China are those struggling people who haven't had a knowledge of Christ.

Against that great mass who haven't acknowledged Jesus as Master are the faithful Chinese Christians standing against a great nation-wide movement of 400 million people. Standing out in the clear light as representatives of the gospel of Jesus Christ; they were persecuted and ridiculed by their own people and yet stood true to Jesus. Why, when that great upheaval struck our city,— I saw that mob as they paraded the streets and came crying: "China for the Chinese! Down with the Imperialists!" I heard their threats to

kill the Christians, and I saw our faithful Christians unflinchingly go through the fire and stand true to the gospel. To be sure a few fell away through fear, but the rank and file of them were true to the Master. How many of you would have faced a mob tonight to come into this house and worship?

One Sunday evening I was sitting at home. My family had gone to Hong Kong under consular orders for safety, some two weeks before. A Chinese man came to the door and said: "It is Sunday evening but there will be no service in the chapel tonight."

I said: "No service? What's the matter?" I had just come home from a visit out in the city and did not understand conditions.

He said: "The radical mob is at the door of the chapel. They are threatening to kill the Christians if we go in to worship tonight."

I replied: "I will go down and see what the situation is."

When we came within two blocks of that church, I heard the noise of the rabble. I saw a great mob that had gathered about the church door and on a goods box was a young student holding up to that great excited mob the principles and ideals of patriotism for which the Nationalist Party was fighting. He was saying that the representatives of foreign nations had come in the name of the gospel to try to force Christianity upon the Chinese people and, when he closed his tirade, his hearers were at white heat.

I passed quietly through the mob. They did not seem to have any feeling or ill will toward me.

Going in, I turned on the lights, and in a little while the Christians began to come in. The girls from the girls' school came and took their seats on one side and the boys came in and took their seats on the other. Then the Christian men and women gathered in the center pews and the pastor conducted the evening service. All during this hour that mob was howling and hooting, crying down Christianity and making a great noise. They threatened to kill every Christian that came into that house to worship. I wondered when we started home what might happen to us. I didn't know what moment that mob might come into the chapel; yet our Chinese Christians sat through that full hour of worship and not one seemed to be afraid.

When the service was over they seemed to hesitate to leave. We led the way and coming out on the steps the young student, another one by this time, said: "Don't harm the Christians. Let them pass." Our Chinese Christians filed through the mob and went back to their several places unhurt. It took courage to face a Chinese mob at white heat and to come into God's house.

Then at Christmas time they said: "Now is the time for the great gathering of the Christians and when they come we will have our revenge." Bulletins were sent out over the city threatening the Christians. Through newspapers, handbills and posters, in that city, the Christians were intimidated. But on Christmas morning 150 Christians came into that chapel to worship God in spite of the threats of this radical political move-

ment. The night before Christmas,—a great poster had been stretched across the street in front of the chapel door, to make plain their threat. Next morning, Mrs. Leavell and I went down to the chapel. I have never been in a more spiritual meeting anywhere than the one we had in the church that morning. Then we went back to the hospital and the patients were gathered in our chapel; every patient and every nurse there received a gift, and we had a little evangelistic service. I was asked to speak that morning. I stood there and told them about Jesus and his love. Five men acknowledged Jesus as their Saviour. In the city was this feeling or ill-will against the Christians' coming together to worship, yet they came and faced this opposition.

Would we be willing to pay that price for Jesus' sake and for his gospel even in an hour like that? Why, friends, if there were as much feeling in America against the foreigners living among us as there has been against the foreigner in China the past three years, it would not be safe for a single foreigner to live in your city. There would be more deaths of foreigners in this country than you could take account of. The Chinese are swept by a great nation-wide political upheaval and yet they are the most peace-loving people on earth. They are a sane and a practical people, and I have every reason to believe that the practical, rational thinking of the Chinese people will bring them out of the difficulty, and that the opportunity for the gospel of Jesus Christ will be greater than ever before. It is a testing time for us to match their

faith with our money, and it is a testing time for them to see whether or not they will be true to the Master.

Here's a picture of a man that has been very useful, prominent in our South China mission work. He was of high station. He graduated from a college. He was thoroughly familiar with all the work of the officials of the Chinese government and knew all about the dealings of the representatives from this country with the Chinese officials.

When this radical movement came on and things were at white heat, they said: "If we can just get Low, he can tell us the methods whereby they are working in the government in Washington. If we can just get Low we will win the victory." Low had been preaching Jesus on the street. One night, they set a plot against our friend Low and when he came out of the mission they caught him and said: "Low, we want you to tell us the secret methods whereby the governments of other nations have been dealing with our officials. You can give us the secret."

Low said: "There is no secret; it is an open book. These missionaries have come to bring the gospel of Jesus Christ. I have received it and I preach it to my own people. I am willing to stand on its foundation."

And they said: "Then you are not willing to turn away from the foreigners and come with us?"

He said: "No."

They said: "Then you stand up there against the wall and face the rifle." Low stood up against

the wall and opened his coat and said: "You can kill me if you like but I shall not deny my Saviour." But the men standing behind those guns did not have the courage to pull the trigger.

He went back and began preaching, but they were not satisfied and caught him again and said: "We tried you with the rifle. Have you not been thinking it over and are you not ready to come over to our side and turn away from the foreigners and Christians?" They put a dagger to his heart and said: "Unless you do this we are going to put that dagger through your heart." And Low said: "I will be true to Christ." He stood there with that dagger over his heart and said to them: "I will not deny my Saviour." His face turned white, but the dagger did not pierce him.

Then they were having a fire-works celebration on the birthday of the first president of China, and they caught Low again as he was preaching. Tying him hand and foot they threw him under a great fire-works display, putting him prostrate on the ground and allowing the burning embers to fall on his body.

They said: "Low, unless you openly renounce Christianity we are going to let you burn at the stake." Low was lying there on the ground suffering when a small boy went running into official headquarters and told the general. He sent soldiers just in time to rescue Low. They cut the cords that bound him and came out with a proclamation saying that anyone who molested this man would be severely dealt with.

Then one dark night, three men from the ship yards in Hong Kong, having known of his experiences, grabbed him in a dark street, and took him into a room. They said: "Low, you have been tried by the rifle, the dagger, and fire and you refused to give the secret. You have refused to turn away from Christianity in this hour of China's fighting for justice and freedom."

Low said: "You have asked me to deny my Lord. You have asked me to turn away from Christianity. And I am not willing to do it."

Then they said: "Unless you are willing to renounce Christianity, we have a man here who will tattoo into your cheeks the word Christian and send you out branded among your own people as a Christian." Low sat there while that artist put on both cheeks the Chinese character that marked him as a Christian. He came through those experiences tired and worn and having lost weight. But he came with a happy expression on his face and said, "I am glad to bear in my body the marks of Christ." He went about preaching Jesus with a new enthusiasm, rejoicing that he could stand true in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And while our Chinese Christians are suffering persecution, we sit in the comfortable places here at home, called upon to make a small sacrifice for the on-going of Christ's kingdom. If our people throughout this great Southern Baptist Convention could only see and understand the extent of the sacrifices that our Chinese Christians are willing to make, they would rise up as a great host and send back to the end of the earth his gospel.

We are not discouraged. We have so much for which to be thankful. We have his glorious gospel and its blessings. If we will stop to consider how much progress has been made in the last few years by the gifts of Southern Baptists, we have every reason for encouragement. But I want to say, to you, my friends, that unless we, as a Baptist people, learn to pray and to sacrifice even to the extent that our constituency on the foreign field sacrifices and prays, never will we win a heathen world for our Master.

But we can still pray and still give and I come tonight with renewed courage and faith. I come rejoicing tonight, friends, that I can have a little part in taking that gospel out to China. We had a glorious hour this morning. The uncertain clouds seemed to be gathering and, for some days, I had been hanging on the uncertainty of my returning to China. We had that great hour together this morning and as I went out from the meeting I was told that there was a telegram waiting for me in the office. I called up the office and they read me the telegram. Here it is: That prayer had been answered and our Board in Richmond, Virginia, was wiring to know upon which boat I should like to return to China.

Our Board had been considering whether or not we could, under the special arrangement, go back to my station. I sent the telegram over the same wire that I received this message, asking Dr. Ray to book me for the December sailing, so that I might be back in China early in the year. And, friends, I am not making any sacrifice in going

back. If there is any sacrifice it is a glorious sacrifice. It means that I will have to leave Mrs. Leavell and our little girl, Cornelia, here and go back alone for a little time. That will be a little hard, won't it? Yet, I am happy to go, because I feel that my place is there.

I didn't want to go to China away back yonder in 1912. It seemed hard then. It seemed a little harder to go back in 1920 after our first furlough, but this is the hardest time to go back because I have to go alone, and yet I can go with the assurance of your prayers and of those of many of our great Christian people throughout the South.

I said when I was a university student that if God opened the way for me to go to China, or anywhere, I would go. I didn't know what it meant then and I decided to study medicine. In 1910, I went to Rochester, New York, to a Student Volunteer Convention; there I renewed my pledge, "Lord, if you can use me, if you will just open the way, I am ready to go anywhere you want me to go." I went back to Louisville and graduated in medicine. When I graduated I stood with my diploma in one hand (I had passed the Kentucky State Board examination and was licensed to practice in thirty-two states) and I held my Bible in the other. I was at the cross roads. I remembered my pledge to my Master. He was calling and my heart told me to go with him and, yet, that great surgeon in whose home I had lived for five years in Louisville and whom I loved so tenderly said to me: "George, you have graduated. Now you are ready to practice. You have been here

with me for five years. You have operated with me; you know my practice. Here is an office, here is a library, here is an automobile, here are the patients. I will guarantee you \$5,000 salary the first year and after the first year a half interest in my practice. You can put your name with mine and we will form a partnership and go on."

I knew that that meant, after the first year, something like \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year and I said, "I will take it." And I turned away from this good Book and its call and for a little time I followed that profession in Louisville; but every day it got harder; there was plenty to do; there was success from the start but, oh my friends, no peace, no happiness. I went on until the burden was too heavy and one Sunday afternoon I went into my room and said: "This afternoon I am going to fight it out with God and determine where my life is to be spent. I will settle this question once and for all." Locking the door I was on my knees before my Master and he was talking to me through his Word and I was talking to him through prayer. I was trying to come to a definite decision. So many things came and all through the afternoon I turned it over this way and that, wrestling with the problem of my life here or there.

Late in the afternoon, as the sun was sinking in the west, I said: "I can't settle it. I just can't give up this opportunity here and go to China on a salary of \$600.00. I do not know what it will be like; I can't settle it, it is all so uncertain and yet God is calling me. What shall I do?" Then

I remembered that dear mother down in Mississippi who had said all my life that if God should call one of her nine boys to be a missionary to China she would be happy; and if God should call the nine she would gladly give them, every one. I thought: "I will just pack up my things and go to Mississippi and there at my mother's knees we will talk and pray and I will make my decision." As I was packing my things I found this little tract "The Supreme Decision," by George Sherwood Eddy. I did not remember how it came into my possession. "The supreme decision! That is what I am trying to make—the supreme decision!" I sat down and read that tract that compared the life here at home with that on the foreign field and, when I had finished it, I was on my knees and I said, "Lord, I see it now. I'll go where you want me to go and I will give this up and go to China."

Friends, the moment I made that surrender there was peace; the burden and uncertainty were all gone and I was happy. I went to the church that night at Third and St. Catherine and told the people. Finally my passage was booked and I was ready to go but the news came just as we were ready to go that the dear mother was ill. I felt it my duty as a doctor to go to her bedside. I went back down into Mississippi and stayed a month. And while I was there that boat went out to China and I was not on it. After it was gone I wondered what God's will was. I said, "Surely I have a responsibility to that dear mother. She can't live long. Maybe I should just stay here for a little while."

I went back to Louisville and began again to practice. Soon a telegram came from my oldest brother. He said: "Mother has just found out you are delaying your passage on her account. Her request is that you go on as quickly as possible; it is her last request."

And we sailed on to China. I knew when I told her good-bye at the gate of the old home that I would never see her on earth again; with a heavy heart we went on out.

I had been there but a month when a letter came telling me of the home-going of that dear mother. I was heart broken. I could not understand. I thought, "Why couldn't God have let me stay at home just a month to be there when the other boys came at mother's going?" I could not understand the mystery.

Where were we that day? I found that when it was midnight in Mississippi it was noon-day in China, and we were just coming to the city of Wuchow, where God had called us to serve him. I found comfort, friends, in the thought that out of the darkness of the night, in the home in Mississippi, God had called that mother to the glory land. United with my father there she could look down on her son in China and wave a God's speed in the Master's service. Her prayer was answered and God had called her home.

These fifteen years have been short years. It is harder to go back now; and yet, friends, it is a glorious anticipation to return to live my life in answer to my Master's call among a heathen people that I have learned to love.

I wonder if there is a young man or woman here now who has been facing a call to make some sacrifice for the Master. Has he been calling you into some service and you failed to surrender your life to that call? There will be no peace, friends, until that call has been answered. I wonder tonight if you are not ready to make that surrender and say: "Here am I, Lord, send me." I wonder if you are not willing to stand and say: "I am ready to go. I will put my life on the Master's altar for service, to go where he wants me to go and to be what he wants me to be." Are we ready to make that surrender tonight while we pray? If there is one that is ready to say: "Yes, Lord, I will go," will you stand tonight where you are? Just stand as an expression of your surrendered life to him.

CHAPTER V

CHINA'S NEED OF MODERN MEDICINE

I wonder if you have any conception whatever of the size of China. We think of it as a vast country across the seas. It is hard to visualize that great country and I wonder if you have ever stopped to think of the many, many it has. A missionary told me once that he had tried upon several occasions to get out of the sight of two Chinese eyes. He found it very difficult indeed, outside of the privacy of his own home. I thought about it and I tried, and tried, for some years to put myself in a situation where I was absolutely out of sight of all of the Chinese.

One afternoon as Mrs. Leavell and I were taking a walk along the river, we turned from the banks and started up between some hills. A little stream was coming down from the mountain side, making a cool shady place. We looked around, toward the north, and the river below, and thought we had gotten entirely out of the sight of the Chinese people and I said: "Let's look around and see if we can see any Chinese anywhere." We looked and we saw something move high up on the top of the slope. There was a Chinese man cutting some timber, and he was watching us.

When we approach the cities of China, the great masses of humanity impress us. We get into

great crowds occasionally in this country but it seems to me wherever you go in China save in the very out-of-the-way districts, there are people, people, people everywhere! You cannot imagine the density of the population of China. We have been told that we have about 400 million people in China. I have heard that given as 430 million and then I have heard it reduced to 250 million and I don't believe that anybody knows how many people there are there. There are four divisions of the human race and one-fourth are Chinese and it is the largest fourth; four times as many people as are in our country.

I wonder if you know how to estimate the population in China. We have a census taken in America and get the totals of our population; but in China they can't take the census. It would be impossible. There are so many people crowded into congested districts, and so many of the same name, that you could never identify and classify them. So, at the end of the year they find out, as nearly as possible, how much rice has been sold during that year. Rice is the staple food; and by getting all the totals of the rice sales, they estimate how much it would take to feed an individual for a year and then draw their conclusion. They don't miss it far. I have marveled at the ability of our hospital cook to estimate rice when he would be called upon to prepare an evening meal for say 90 to 110 people, then next day in an emergency, he would be called upon to prepare for 175. They all seem to have enough rice and when they get through there is nothing left. In

our own home it is a marvel to note how very accurately the Chinese cook can estimate appetites, because there is never very much left when we finish our meal. There is always enough. You know, the cook doesn't eat our food, so we don't have to leave the best part of the steak on the dish for the cook. We don't eat his food. He goes into the Chinese kitchen and cooks his own meal and then prepares our meal. If there are two biscuits left, he won't eat them; and if there is one fried egg left, you will likely have it in some form for lunch that day. That makes for economy in our housekeeping.

So we have somewhere between 250 million and 430 million Chinese people. We will say, for convenience sake, that there are 400 million people; one-fourth of all the people in the world. They are living in the largest continuous territory in the world except Russia.

I wonder if you know how many of those people are illiterate. I wonder if you could tell me what per cent of the Chinese population can't read or write; I will tell you,—95 per cent. It is said that 99 per cent of the Japanese people can read and write but, in China, 95 per cent cannot. This is largely because that women haven't had the advantages of education. A Chinese father will educate his son and establish him in life, to perpetuate the family name; but the women and girls are pushed into the background; they get few advantages. And this is the need of our Christian constituency.

I do not believe that missionaries are called upon to educate the masses of people in China. I believe the government should do that and they are working at it. I do believe that our largest responsibility and opportunity is to take the Christian children, and to give them an education just as we do in our own country. When we try to fill up our schools with great numbers of people who will never line up and try to educate the great masses of people in China, it will prove to be a hopeless task.

We have, in China, a million soldiers. Few of those soldiers know what they are fighting for. I suppose the greater per cent of them do not know why they are soldiers at all, except that they can have a little money and live an easy life. They are given a rifle, a little equipment, a uniform, and something to eat, and are cared for; they are said to be the most trifling of Chinese people.

If they go out to battle in the evening while the generals are talking over the situation trying to come to compromise, and these fellows are over on their lines rather hungry and not much going on, they see those fellows out there on the other side, their supposed enemies, having nice hot rice and chicken and pork to eat, those fellows say: "Come on over. We have plenty." They go and they never come back. The fare is better over there than it is here and they are just as happy to stay. Many of these soldiers are just outcasts, with no profession, no trade, no family ties, drifting around and taking the easy road. Many have never fired a rifle, never been in a battle, never

been called upon to shoot, and they are more likely to miss than they are to hit but there are a million of them under arms. The Chinese general never seeks to come into actual battle with his adversaries. That isn't the way a Chinese battle is fought. A general seeks to hedge his enemy about by cutting off his reenforcements, or his supplies, or getting him surrounded, or placed in such a position, that he has to compromise and they then buy him over. That is the way most of China's wars are fought.

I remember on one occasion that they had a great battle below our city; they fought for five hours; 2,000 soldiers were trying to take a little city. There were just a few heavy guns and when they came into action the people were terrified. It was a great battle; it had lasted five hours; when the battle was over, there were five casualties. I presume that, by the time the news got to America, you thought all of China was fighting. We thought nothing of it. The Chinese cannot afford to do target practice. They haven't the ammunition, for it is very scarce.

We have a million soldiers and we have a million blind people in China, the result of disease and infection; and there isn't a government institution in all the land for the care of the blind. There is not a single institution that I know of except a little orphanage for blind girls, cared for by a few well-meaning missionaries. You can see these blind beggars walking down the streets, sometimes as many as five in a row. They come with some musical instrument, and beg alms. It

is depressing to see them and think that there is no one who loves them, no one who cares, no state institution, no government institution; no place where they can go. They just struggle through life as best they can.

Then we have 400 thousand deaf people in China. There are no hospitals, or other institutions for the care of the deaf. There is no system of hygiene or sanitation. The Chinese government is doing very little indeed. The cities are filthy with no sewerage system. Having been trained in this country and having studied the germ theory, imagine my feelings when I saw meat exposed to the flies, and the rats and dirt and filth in the homes and in the streets. I said: "Why, I don't see how the people live." The germ theory of disease is all exploded in China. It won't work because they live in filth and disease.

I am not talking about the well-to-do, high class Chinese, of course; but about the masses of the people. They do not die because they have established in their bodies a natural immunity. In this country the doctor puts a serum in your blood and makes you immune to certain diseases; but in China they have established in their bodies, by actual contact, such an immunity. Why, it is not an uncommon sight at all to see a mother holding in her arms a baby broken out with smallpox. They think nothing of it. We have in our clinic from three to ten patients a week with active pulmonary tuberculosis, and there isn't a hospital in all of China for the care of tubercular patients. It is the white plague that takes off so many of

the Chinese. And there isn't a hospital or a ward that will receive a tubercular patient. Our hospital in Wuchow was so crowded that we could not bring into our wards tubercular patients.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the first president of China, stood in our hospital and looked at a beautiful mountain upon which there was a temple. Being a graduate physician himself, he said that there would be an ideal place for a great tubercular sanatorium. He was willing to give the land that such a sanatorium might be opened. I think we would have had 5,000 cases within six months in such a hospital for the care of tubercular cases. Of course, it would take a great staff of physicians and nurses to care for them. Today they are walking about the streets, uncared for. The death rate is forty to fifty per one thousand. I mean to say that forty to fifty out of one thousand die before reaching the average term of life. What is the death rate in the United States? It is fourteen to every one thousand. So, by thinking of the conditions under which Americans live, and comparing it with China, we have forty to fifty per one thousand there against fourteen here. Does that not make you look up to God and thank him this morning for your blessings? With all of these diseases and the suffering and sin and sickness in China, the one great blessing, friends, that we have is the gospel of Jesus Christ. The only thing that will bring Christ to the blessings that America has is the gospel light.

We have in China one missionary to every 65,000 people. I mean missionaries of all denomi-

nations. Taking them all, there is one to every 65,000. If you had three missionaries in the city of Ft. Worth,—just three pastors, or evangelists—of all denominations, it would be comparable to the field of the missionaries in China. We have one thousand western doctors in China—just one thousand for that great mass of humanity. That means that we have a constituency of 430 thousand for each doctor. Ninety-nine per cent of the whole of China have no medical service.

Why, suppose you were ill. It wouldn't take very long to get all the physicians and nurses and hospital facilities to care for your case. I looked at the magnificent hospitals in your city this morning, some yet unfinished; yet in China there is only a little life saving station here and there. I lived, for two years, in a state of eight million people and I was the only foreign doctor. If you lived in Kweilin, and your baby were ill, it would take you ten days to reach our hospital, because you would have to come down in a row boat and you could travel only in daylight. I did not know when I went to China that I was being sent to the most neglected province in China. When I realized that our stations in South China were the most neglected of all, I lifted my voice in thanksgiving to God. He had sent me to the hardest place, where the facilities were the least for the treatment and care of the sick.

What do these people do that have no medical service? What would you do? You would have to do as they do—the best you could. You would likely be treating your sick baby or wife, or

mother ignorantly, using some superstition or some remedy that had come to you, perchance, as the remedy needed to meet such an emergency.

It is not a very beautiful picture, but I will tell you what once happened to a patient in our hospital. A small boy was watching a Chinese water buffalo and the buffalo suddenly lifted his head, the point of his horn cutting a great gash in the boy's abdomen. The parents living on a farm could not call an ambulance and go to a hospital. They did the only thing they knew to do. I don't know where they got this remedy, but they took a young chicken and without killing it cut the body open and put it on the wound. Two days later the boy was brought into our hospital. Peritonitis had set in and it was a difficult task to remove that filthy mass from the neurosis and infection of the wound.

They go out and get a snake skin to give to their patients. They stick hot needles, red hot, in the body of the patients to drive out the evil spirits. All over those little bodies you can find blisters, put on by incense sticks as they attempted to burn out different diseases or drive out evil spirits. They are human beings and God loves them and gave his Son for their salvation. Yet, because they haven't the blessings of Jesus Christ that we have, they are trying to care for their sick with remedies that are worse than the diseases.

A Chinese patient comes to a heathen doctor. The doctor is not supposed to ask him any questions. The patient is not supposed to give him

any information. The doctor proceeds to feel the pulse and tell all about the matter. You have to take the pulse on both wrists. Nine out of ten have the idea that the human body is divided into two portions, a heart on each side, two livers, etc. So these doctors take the pulse on both wrists. Very few of them have ever seen inside of a human body. Very few have any knowledge of nerves and blood vessels and muscles.

A patient had taken opium and was slowly dying with poison. The Chinese doctor, for two hours, sat by his bedside holding his pulse, thinking the longer he sat there the more he would know. Then he ordered this remedy, which required nearly a half day to prepare. This is an actual translation of a Chinese doctor's prescription. I took seventeen of these prescriptions from under the pillow of a patient and had them all translated. I have gone into the homes of patients after sixteen or seventeen heathen doctors had prescribed. No Chinese doctor goes back to a home unless he is invited. If you go one morning and treat the case, you don't go back unless they send for you; and it is a compliment if they do send for you, because you know you have done your patient some good. The heathen doctors come and go and, if they have confidence in one of them, they send the prescription to a drug store where there are snakes, eels, bats, owls and bugs and herbs of all kinds; there the prescription is compounded. And this is the Chinese doctor's prescription I found:

- 2 oz. of salted lizard (2 male and 2 female).
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Corea ginseng root.
- 6 dried grasshoppers (3 male and 3 female).
- 1 oz. sweet potato stalks.
- 1 oz. walnuts.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lotus leaves.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. tail of rattlesnake.
- 2 oz. black dates.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. elm tree bark.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. devil fish claw.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. hartshorn.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. birds' claws.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dried ginger.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. old rusty coffin nails.

The whole to be mixed with two quarts of water and boiled down to half the quantity. Then let the patient drink the mixture as quickly as possible.

Now there is a great deal of human interest in a patient who has been treated by such a remedy as that, and, friends, as sure as you are living, if we had not been blessed with the gospel of Jesus Christ, we would be living, today, in circumstances similar to those of our Chinese friends.

So this morning, I look back to the day when a woman came into our hospital, and with baby in her arms; the baby's eyes had been closed by the infection of the dirty hands of the midwife; she said: "Doctor, I want you to open the eyes of my little boy." He is three years old and is the only boy I have. If I do not take him back with his eyes open my husband is going to beat me. I cannot stay there. I know you have opened the eyes of other babies and I want you to open my baby's eyes."

I looked at those eyes forever blinded. That case was hopeless, I told that mother that it was impossible to do anything for her boy.

She said: "Why, doctor, why don't you want to open my baby's eyes? You open others, why not mine,—what's the matter?"

I told her again there was nothing I could do and still she could not believe me, but got down on her knees and bumped her head three times at my feet and begged me to do something for her boy's eyes. They were forever shut.

I called to the Christian Chinese doctor and said: "You will have to talk to this woman. She won't take it from me. There is nothing I can do."

So many thousands of such cases come to the doctor who has been blessed with science and training. We have an opportunity to give them the best along with the gospel that is the need today. Through that means we try to win them to the Master. Jesus said: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me" (John 12: 32). We have but to lift him up in China; we have but to go with the life-giving message to bring those people into the same joy of the Lord that we know in our own America.

What is Jesus to those people that have not heard? What is Jesus to those people who have heard? What is he here, in this assembly, in your life and mine? There is praise on our lips for every blessing. Who is Jesus to the banker, this morning, yonder in the bank? To the banker Jesus should be "the treasure house of God."

What is Jesus to the carpenter? To the carpenter Jesus should be "the master builder." What is Jesus to the doctor? "The great physician." And to the farmer, what is Jesus? "He is the lord of the harvest." And to the geologist, "Jesus—the rock of ages." And to the horticulturist, "A lily of the valley"; and to the jeweler, Jesus is the "pearl of great price"; and to the lawyer, "Jesus, judge, advocate, counsellor." To the miner, in the deep mines, "Jesus is the light of the world" and to the mother, "Jesus is the fairest among ten thousand"; and to the preacher, "Jesus is the power of God unto salvation"; and to the teacher, "the knowledge of God"; and to the sinner, "Jesus is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Let us send out the life-giving message of Jesus; dedicating and consecrating our every talent that we might lift him up.

CHAPTER VI

"WHY CHINA SEES RED"

A DISCUSSION OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION

The political situation in China today is an unsolved puzzle. What I tell you tonight about the political situation there you may find in the morning paper to be untrue. However, we can only tell you this evening what we know up to this time and give you something to think about and, possibly, help you to interpret what you get in such meagre fashion in the papers here in the United States. If I can do that tonight and present the true side of the present situation so as to get your sympathy for these people, I will have gained my point.

Napoleon said, when his armies entered Egypt, that if the sleeping giant of China, the dragon, ever turned over, shook himself and awakened, it would startle the world. You and I are living today to see that prophecy coming true. The eyes of the world are fixed on China and the great political fight they are making for their country. It is the greatest international problem yet unsolved. We have today in China but a continuation of the revolution that started in 1910, in Canton. It was led by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the George Washington of China, and he had great

ambitions and high ideals for his country. It was then that men on the streets of Canton wherever they found a Chinese with a queue, or so-called pig-tail, would catch hold of this queue and cut it off short, close to the head. Why had the Chinese worn this queue? It was a badge of servitude to the Manchu dynasty. Sun Yat Sen felt that the hour had struck when, in the name of freedom, his people should throw off this badge of servitude, and become a republic and be independent, free-thinking people. So he started his program, but it was being carried on with great difficulty. He found himself without support and without funds. Soviet Russia extended to him the help of its government at Moscow. In his struggle to save China and gain recognition for his de facto government, set up in Canton, he accepted the offered help of Soviet Russia and received men and money for his cause. That brought a tidal wave of Bolshevism into China. Bolshevism is said to be a dogma concocted by the wealthy to keep the poor from being happy. The program of Bolshevism is to tear down the home, the church, and the state. But little did Sun Yat Sen realize the great calamity that was coming in the name of Bolshevism, when that hand was extended to his country. Sun Yat Sen organized for his program the greatest factor that we have to deal with. He enlisted the sympathy of the students of China, the most powerful organization of the Orient. When the students of China speak, Parliament in London listens and when they issue a decree, Washington pricks up her ears. When

they call a strike or a boycott, it happens; and there is no power to stop it. They are organized in the name of patriotism to save China for its own people. They have been very active and, with them, Sun Yat Sen got the sympathy of the labor unions who were the people to carry out the ambitions he cherished.

There was some trouble between Japan and China about treaties, and this condition brought a "flare up." The students in our city heard about it and although they had but meagre information, suddenly they appeared in the streets, went into the shops, and took from the shelves every Japanese product they could seize,—all as a protest against these treaties. They brought these goods into the street; bales of cotton yarn and other Japanese products, and burned them as a protest against Japan. They did the same thing for British goods and, in some cases, for American goods as well.

I approached the governor of our city and said: "You have the soldiers, why do you not restore law and order? Why do you not call out your forces, bring the students back into the school-room and stop this loss to the merchants of this city?"

He said: "I can control the situation in Wuchow, I can stop it here, but it is a national movement and if I interfere in this city it but flares up brighter yonder, in another place." And so he sat with folded hands until the students carried out their programs.

What are they striving for? I will take China's side. This precocious child, this young student, in China, comes to his grandfather and says: "We are a great people; we have wonderful resources. Why is it that we are so backward? Why is it that China hasn't progressed? Grandfather, why did you sign a treaty with the nations of the earth, in the days gone by, whereby today China is discriminated against?"

The grandfather, with his long silk coat and great pipe, says: "My boy, they came with a great navy and pointed their guns at our country and said, 'You sign on the dotted line'; we had no power great enough to meet the armies and navies of the world; we were forced to sign what we call, today, the unequal treaties."

Those treaties are existing today and there are reasons back of all them but China has come to a new day and the dragon has awakened; they are saying: "Down with imperialism; cancel the unequal treaties. China for the Chinese." Patriotism is running rampant.

I ask you,—why is it that when we send to China our shoes, our hose, our hats, our standard oil products, the Chinese government can collect on our products only a uniform customs' tariff of five per cent of the invoice value?

China was forced, in years gone by, to sign a treaty whereby any product from the outside coming in was taxed only five per cent, and China has no recourse; this makes our products in the Chinese markets cheap. When their tea, their embroidered silk shawls, their jade, and porcelain,

their carved ivory, their hair nets, come into our country, it is quite different. Our government maintains the right to fix the duty rate as it pleases and it collects on Chinese products sixty to ninety per cent. This makes Chinese products high in this country and gives to our government a revenue of sixty to ninety per cent. But wealthy China can collect on our goods only five per cent. They are asking if it is fair and if China should not be allowed to come, with the other nations, to a council table and revise these treaties. That is one of the great points that Sun Yat Sen put forward as an injustice toward China.

But another question: They are asking why it is that England forced opium on China. Why was it that England, seeking a market for her great product of opium in India, opened China's doors at the point of a cannon and forced them to receive the opium? And that old grandfather says to his son: "When they came with that great navy, China had no navy to meet it. China can't whip anybody—we are a peace-loving people; at the point of a gun, we were forced to sign."

Another great talking point is *extra-territoriality*. What do I mean by extra-territoriality? It simply means this, that if George W. Leavell goes to China, sets up his nationality, and resides there as an American citizen,—then the Chinese officials are responsible to Washington for anything that happens to me personally. If I commit a crime in China, and they wanted to bring me to trial, I would *not* be taken to a Chinese court and tried by their code of ethics, although I was

arrested in China and killed a Chinese man. Oh, no, I would be taken to Shanghai or Canton before an American court. If a Japanese commits a crime in China he is taken before a Japanese court; if a Britisher commits a crime he is taken before a British court; if a Frenchman commits a crime he is taken before a French court. But suppose a Chinaman, residing in our country, commits a crime; he is taken to an American court and no fellow citizen of his can stand in his defense, or speak a word of protest; the sentence is pronounced and he pays the penalty. A Chinese in Sing Sing Prison was sentenced to the electric chair and no Chinese statesman or lawyer could have a voice in the trial. So, China is asking if such courts can be established in other countries, why cannot some adjustment be made whereby their nation can have the same privileges and rights?

Further, in the foreign concessions in China, if a Chinese boy takes an American's gold watch and pawns it, what happens? The Chinese boy is brought up before the American court, and is tried and sentenced by an American judge; and he has no protest. He can have none of his fellow citizens to speak in his behalf. They are subject to extra-territoriality. They are asking, when a crime is committed against a Britisher by a Chinaman, why should not a British judge sit with a Chinese judge and the two administer justice to the Chinese criminal before them? They are not asking that the British judge be entirely eliminated, but that adjustment and fair play be

the order of the day. They believe that the only way to lead China to her rightful place is to protest against the nations; against their entering in, in this fashion, until the nations of the earth grant their concessions.

Another thing they are talking about is *immigration*. Why is it that China has to open her doors to the world and receive people without question? Why can the greatest criminal in Texas flee to China and find her doors wide open? The undersirables of Europe can go to China and walk ashore. After landing there, the Chinese official is responsible for anything that may happen to him.

So, all China has been opened at the point of a gun, and they have no recourse. On the other hand, here is a fine, well educated, Chinese student who has finished our mission school and desires to come to Forth Worth and enter this institution to prepare himself for the gospel ministry, so as to go back and preach Christ to his own people. He arrives at San Francisco and finds the immigration quota is filled. The customs' officer says to him: "You can't enter."

He is turned back with only a look into the promised land. And yet, the Chinese must receive people of all nations. They are not asking that we open our doors to all the Chinese and aliens, and allow them to come into this country, but they are asking why it is fair for China to be forced to open her doors, when some like adjustment is not made in behalf of their people. When those boats come to America from Hong

Kong and Shanghai, there are boys who serve the passengers in the dining room, and there are Chinese men as stewards who are not allowed to walk ashore in San Francisco and have a look at that fair city. They're kept on the steamer.

I talked to a steward who said: "I have been crossing the Pacific for two years on this boat and have never put foot on shore in Vancouver."

So careful are we to keep out the immigrants from China and other nations, China's door must be open to the world. They are just asking, friends, if it is fair. That is what the nationalists party, organized by Sun Yat Sen, is fighting for today.

The greatest point of argument today is the question of *concessions in China*. In seventeen different cities, foreign powers have gone with their navies and have blocked out certain desirable pieces of land and planted a foreign flag. These countries backing them up and claiming it for themselves have put a high wall around it, with soldiers to guard the gates. Thus they set themselves up for commercial interests on China's soil.

I have seen the sign over the gate of the foreign concessions and the foreign soldier as he stood at the gates with a bayonet guarding the entrance. (Thousands of Chinese walk by that gate every day and are not allowed to enter.) Here is the sign: "No dogs or Chinese allowed to enter." That self-respecting citizen, coming down the streets of his own city, would see the foreigner going in and out,—where he could not go; and there was that insult staring him in the face.

Great Britain does with China, every year, a thousand million dollars worth of business. She is loathe to give up her trade in China. Americans do about one hundred and forty million dollars worth of business in China. Nations in the Far East, and Great Britain, are careful to carry their products to China's market. There are two countries only in the world which, if cut off from the imports and exports of other countries, could maintain their national existence. Cut off the British Isles, and Great Britain cannot produce what the people live upon. Japan, the very efficient nation with its forty millions of people, could not produce on their own resources what they need to maintain their people.

There are just two countries that can support their population: our God-favored country is one, and China is the other. China gets from our country only one thing that is essential to life, and they have a substitute for that. It is salt. They have an oil that will take the place of salt. And so, the nations of the earth, trading in China, are looking to their own interests. China, without a merchant marine and without a navy, is there, a target for the world.

These concessions have been seized in seventeen different places, and there the foreigner resides within their gates. I thank God, my friends, that the United States of America has never been guilty of taking one inch of China's territory as a concession. We have never gone with our navy and forced an entrance into China and claimed for our government a piece of their

land and put our flag upon it in this way; but other nations have been guilty.

AMERICA, CHINA'S FRIEND

The Chinese, as a people, recognize today that America is China's best friend, and I have tested it out. Sometimes,—when a Chinese, whom I had just met, would ask me what nation I came from, I would tell him that I was from one of the European countries; his face would fall and he would have an unfriendly expression on his lips. I would study him for a moment and then I would say: "No, I just told you that. I am from America. I came from the flowery country of the United States. I was born and reared there." And his expression would change and he would smile. We did not force opium upon China. We gave them back the Boxer indemnity. Congress, sitting in Washington, is China's best friend, and every student and every grandfather in China now recognizes that America is China's friend and they are looking to us as to no other people to stand guard, and help China.

When this nationalist party, fighting for these things that I am outlining to you, started with its army to unify the government in China, and got to the central part of China,—the Mason and Dixon line, we will call it,—opposition came from Peking, the capital of the recognized government. They opposed the program of the nationalist party and civil war followed; the tragedy of it was that the Southern army was receiving money from Soviet Russia and the Northern army was backed

by certain foreign powers, trying to protect their interests. We have there in China a great calamity, a civil war, between two armies which are supported by two foreign nations, or three; two on one side and one on the other.

The nationalist party is in striking distance of Peking (in 1927) and when they get the recognition of Washington, and of London, and of Tokio, and gain the day in China, and unify these warring factors and bring peace, then they will unify China; and they can say to the nations of the earth: "Let us come together about the council table, that justice and fair play may be had. Let us revise these old treaties and let China take her rightful place among the nations of the earth.

Then we will see that new day in China for which you and I have been praying.

How has it reacted upon the missionary? Not as individuals, has there been any attack whatever, but as they represent a foreign nation; their nation having signed these treaties, they are held partly responsible. I am there and you are here, and I am but one that they point out as representing our government. The Christians understand the situation; the intelligent people of China understand; there is no fight on the missionary as an individual, but as representative of some foreign nation. Thus we come into the picture.

Three classes of Chinese have been lined up on the present political situation:

First, a class of people that are non-believers. They don't believe there is a God, and with them

go those who worship Confucius and Mohammed and Buddha. There is in China a great class yet to be reached.

Second, there are people who have lined up with Soviet Russia. They are taking Communism as the doctrine of salvation for China. Do you know what Communism is? It was started in 1875 or '76 by Karl Marx in Germany. It didn't work in Germany and he took it to Russia, and when it was started, the officials said to the people, "We will put all things in common. If you have too much hay and need corn, come to the common bin and exchange. If you have too much corn and not enough hay, come to the common bin and exchange." The poor people found themselves being robbed and the rich flourishing. As a result, the poor people rose up, Bolshevism got started, and they raised the red flag. So, we have had Bolshevism in China, which is but a form of Communism. After it failed, or was failing, in Russia,—this situation in China was but an open door for them to enter. They were striking at Great Britain through China, and down into India. So this communistic idea, by propaganda, reached China.

I saw those Russians four years ago, when they first came to South China. I saw there was no use to argue with the Chinese. They couldn't see through that condition. Those fellows came to our hospital sick and diseased in body. They could not talk English and I had to treat them and care for them. They were striking at the very heart of China, yet I was glad to do what I could for them.

A few months ago the South China general said that Bolshevism and Communism had led South China into bloodshed and sorrow. He rounded up in Canton 2,000 Communists and deported them. The general said: "We are through with Bolshevism and Communism in South China."

Last week, I received a letter from one of our lady missionaries in the Philippine Islands, unable to get back to her station. She said to me: "Now that South China has gotten rid of Bolshevism, the consul sent me a letter and I am proceeding back to China, after a six-months' absence." That is the second class.

Then, there is the *third class*. (I am leaving out, of course, the Christians.) The *third class* have the idea that Christianity is being forced upon China and that we missionaries come as representatives of our government, or as spies, to further our government, but in the name of Christianity.

Of course, we believe that these three classes are entirely wrong. The Christians understand the life and the message of the missionary. Our Christians today will welcome the return of the missionaries; and I dare say that if the missionaries who are now at home on furlough are permitted to go back they will get the greatest reception they have ever received. This is the time when the Chinese need the missionary to stand shoulder to shoulder with them and help them.

Then, we have three classes of missionaries. We have a decided complex in Shanghai among

our missionaries. They have been bottled up there, and they have talked trouble and they have seen disorder; they are living in congested conditions, never knowing what a moment will bring forth, and they have reacted in different ways.

The *first class* is made up of those who have said, "We must stand pat; and while the Chinese nationalist party is fighting for these treaties, give them nothing, and stand up and defend our position; say our government is right." We have those missionaries. I think they are mistaken in their position.

In the *second class*, we have those who see horror all the day; they have come to believe that the missionary is not wanted in China; that he ought to go home—the *not wanted crowd*. We had one in our own Board; he could not be convinced otherwise. Naturally he resigned and is at home,—never to return to China.

Perhaps both of these classes are wrong. Then, we have a *third class*, sympathetic with the Chinese people. They have come to realize that China has a claim on us. They say, "We should put our shoulders to the wheel, as far as we can, and bring about an adjustment, and lead them out into the clear light of justice and freedom; then, teach them that they ought to know Christ, and give them the gospel.

And, friends, without Christ, there will be distress, there will be turmoil and confusion, but, when his love and righteousness prevail, China will open her doors and we can go unmolested and hold up the cross as salvation to the Chinese people and preach it until Jesus comes.

My prayer is that that will be the attitude of every Christian of my country. That he will take that position and see that China needs our help and sympathy. We are China's friend and in this, the darkest hour of their history, when the great battle is on for righteousness among the Christians, I thank God that we can go in loving sympathy and stand with them and help them forward the cause of Christ. That is my prayer and my position, and God help us to see and know his will and to do that thing as individuals and as a nation that will magnify him.

CHAPTER VII

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE

I am very happy indeed to have had the privilege of being here these few days with you, and I want to thank you this morning, every one of you, for every expression of kindness and for every courtesy (and they have been many) that has been extended me.

I have received real blessing by being among you. I have received inspiration and encouragement. While Dr. Ray's letter said that the full traveling expenses had not been sent in from independent sources for my return to China, there was sufficient evidence that it is assured. The salary has been provided by a young business man in Lexington, Kentucky; I wired him to book my passage for December. And I shall be, soon after the new year, back in China; if I find a moment of discouragement I will stop and reflect on these high hours here among you. If I have done a little good, and helped you in any way in your endeavor for the Master, then surely it has been worth while.

I have received a great blessing and we have talked a good deal of the different phases of Chinese life; I have tried to bring you human interest stories that will reveal to you the spirit

of the Chinese Christians. This morning I have, with embarrassment, come before you dressed as a Chinese man. We find that in China everything is different from what it is here: for instance, the men wear the skirts, as you notice, and the women in China wear the pants. So we find it just opposite. If you come to church as we have come, you will find all the women bare-headed and all the men with hats. So, I wore my Chinese hat this morning. The men always carry a fan. It is perfectly proper to have your fan. He carries his fan in the collar of his coat.

This costume is a wonderful affair, given me by some of the Chinese Christians, as a present, when I left China. They asked me what I would like to have as a present. I told them I would like a Chinese suit. I didn't have one. I do not wear these clothes in China. They said: "All right," and sent a little Chinese man, about as big as my thumb, to measure me for this suit. He stood on a chair and took an extra tape measure. I expected in a couple of days to have the suit to be tried on, but it didn't come. I sent for him. He came, and said: "Dr. Leavell, I looked at those figures and they were so big I was afraid to trust them. I have done nothing with them. I want to measure you again." I said, "All right, go to it."

And he took my measure a second time. And two days passed and nothing happened. I sent for him again. He said: "I did not have the courage to cut into the material; I think there is still a mistake. Won't you kindly give me one

of your suits, one that fits? I will take it down and measure it and think about it, and maybe, by tomorrow, I will cut into the material."

So he made this suit, which is the dress of a Chinese official or a wealthy Chinese man. You will see men in the streets with these suits on. He would not wear this extra short coat unless he were making an address on a significant occasion, or if he were going to see some Chinese official or going on an important engagement. Now, these trousers are "fearfully and wonderfully made." You can turn them around and wear either side in front. It doesn't matter. And you can hardly tell whether I am coming or going! That is an economical dress; you can see that. If they are too short, just let them down; if too long, pull them up; if they are too large, just fold them over. It simplifies life. The women, I say, wear the pants in China. What time is it in China now? Midnight. Is it last night, tomorrow night, or tonight? Well, it is just night, in China. It is nearly 12 o'clock Saturday morning in China now.

The day begins out there. The sun comes to them first. They get it twelve hours ahead of us. When you go out to China, you go to bed on the steamer one night, on Wednesday, and you wake up on Friday with a day lost forever at sea. Unfortunately, when we are in a hurry to get back home, we have to do two Wednesdays in one week. That is the extra day we lost. It is called "Meridian Day," or "Captain's Day." It

is not on the calendar, but we have to spend that time sailing toward our American shores.

When they say your name in China, they say it backward. I am Leavell Walne George. It is exactly backward. When I shake hands with a Chinese, I do not shake with them; I shake hands with myself and congratulate myself on the good pleasure of meeting a friend. Here at home we do it a different way. When a Chinese goes to eat his meal, he eats first, then washes his face and hands. Just opposite. By the way, I will say this, that kissing is very obnoxious to the Chinese. The most horrible thing the Chinese know about American life is from the pictures of kissing and hugging. They have love for their families and children, but this disgusting thing that comes out to them in the moving pictures is very repulsive.

When they go down the street, the men go in front. You never see, except in modern Chinese cities that have been influenced by Western civilization, a boy and a girl walking together on the street. The Chinese women always wear their collars high about the neck. The dress of the Chinese woman is the most modest in the world. They go down the street, men go in front, and the women and children come along behind. They go into the church, the men in on one side and the women and children on the other.

The home life of China is very sacred and very much guarded. During our first year's experience in China, I couldn't walk down the street to church with my wife and give her assistance

at her elbow in crossing a rough place, because the Chinese would not understand why a man would put his hand on a woman, even though she might be his wife. So, we have to observe these customs. Over here we have our bath and shave in the morning before we begin the day's work. In China they do the day's work and then bathe in the evening to go out on the streets refreshed. Holding up one thumb, "This in China means number one." If you want to say a thing is just right, you don't have to say anything, just put up a thumb. Don't make the mistake of putting up your little finger, because that is number nine. Number nine is just the very last of anything, the last of pea-picking time—some people say—"cow's tail." And this sign, the thumb and the little finger, is the sign of smoking an opium pipe.

Two standard oil men were traveling in our province and were fired upon by some bandits that wanted to rob their boat. It was early in the morning; they came off and faced the fire of these fellows. They did not know much about China. They had some firearms on their boat and the Chinese wanted the firearms and what money they had. Unfortunately, they held up their hands, like we would at home, to surrender. That in China is just the opposite of what it is here; and those Chinese soldiers kept firing on those men as long as they held up their hands, because the Chinese thought they had a bomb to throw at them. The sign of surrender in China is this (folded arms, hands on shoulders). If they had only known this, it would have saved

them much trouble; one had a gun wound in the arm, which we treated, and the other a gun shot wound in the foot. So we have to learn these things by painful experience.

When a Chinese woman, for instance, is sewing, she would not do like you, thread the needle; she would turn it around and needle her thread. The tailors all hold the thread and put the needle over it. When the Chinese row a boat, they do not row it like we do here. The Chinaman looks the way he is going, rows the boat where he is going,—just opposite from the way we do it. If you should go to one of the cities, you would find the traffic not going to the right but to the left. I don't know why—just opposite from what it is here. Dr. Smith told me in Louisville, Kentucky, that when he came home and began to drive his car, for some days he had considerable trouble because he wanted to drive to the left.

When a Chinese peels a potato or apple, he never peels it toward him like we would—always away from him. Their books, as you know, do not begin as ours, on our left, for we read toward the right. They turn them right over and begin on the back and read them from top to bottom, turn the pages just opposite to what we do. Furthermore, we have what we call "foot notes" at the bottom of the page. In China, the notes are at the top of the page and they call them "head notes." When they write a letter, they take an envelope and, instead of addressing it across as we do, they turn it around and put the name in the middle from top to bottom and the

return address on the right-hand side; then, the stamp on the back side—always have the stamp of letters on the back side.

Every Chinaman feels that he has to pay all his outstanding accounts on the first day of January. That might be a good custom for some other countries to adopt. If there is indebtedness on the first day of the new year in China, and a man can't meet it, he is closed up and all unpaid bills are posted on the door! He is out of business. (I wonder how that might affect our Foreign Mission Board!) The days of the month in China are not called by certain names, as January, February, March; they are called the first month, second month, and on through. The days of the week, until the missionary went to China, were just numbered from one to thirty in the Chinese month; but since the missionaries have gone and the Sabbath is observed, they have the first day, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and then the Sabbath. So the Sabbath has changed the manner of counting the days of the week. Many of the Chinese do not know when the Sabbath comes. Stores are kept open every day in the week by heathen Chinese, so they do not know it is the Sabbath until they hear the church bells ring. They did not have the Sabbath until the missionaries went with the gospel.

Now, if you were to see a man's hat hanging on the rope of a boat, what would you think it would mean? It would mean that they wanted a man to come aboard that boat and get a job and wear that hat. If you see anything in China with

a little piece of bamboo and on top a little ring sticking up, you know that is for sale. They do not write there "for sale." So, we learn by experience these different signs. In China (pointing to his head) this is the toe. In America the toe (pointing to toe) is down here. If you meet a friend in China, the Chinese man takes off his glasses as a mark of respect. When he comes into the presence of a dignitary, the courteous thing for him to do is to take off his glasses; we take off our hats. The Chinese think most people wear glasses after a certain stage in life to give them dignity, but in the presence of a dignitary they take them off.

When you visit an official and talk to him, perhaps he is not interested in your proposition. You will sit at a table at which a servant has come and placed some cups of tea; just little cups, without handles, just plain tea; no sugar or cream; you sit down at the table. It would be very impolite for you to put your hands on that cup. That would indicate that you would not be interested in what he is saying; but if you see him pick up the cup, you should also pick up your cup and drink tea; then the conference is over; so, without asking you to leave, he has a method of getting you out when the conference is over.

Some foreigners make grievous mistakes in this matter; however, the Chinese are the most courteous people you can imagine and they always overlook your mistakes. For instance, in China, we have nine words that sound exactly alike, until you learn to differentiate tones. All of them are

made differently. We have a word—Foo—for trousers, and—Foo—for father. One of our missionaries came back and was called upon to pray. Unfortunately for him, he said, instead of “heavenly Father,” our “heavenly trousers.” The Chinese are very gracious. There was a smile, but they understood.

We have to work very hard on these manners and customs to keep our place. For instance, if a wealthy Chinese should send to the hospital for me to come and see a sick member of his family, instead of walking through the streets, I must, according to the customs of the Chinese, get men to bear me in a sedan chair to his door. It gives him prestige. He pays for that chair. They sometimes ask what the fee is. The fee is paid in red paper. We have tried to standardize our fee, but if I walked, I would, perhaps, meet a closed door. That is the custom in China, and, while I might prefer to walk, if I could walk one-half of the way and ride the other half, that would be quite all right. I must go according to the custom of the people.

But these manners and customs do not worry us after we get used to them. It is a great country to live in and in which to study human nature. They seem to know more about human nature than we do. They see right through us. They seem to know every motive, what we are going to do very many times before we do it. After one has worked with them awhile, they seem to know your character and your purpose and to

anticipate your actions. We have to be very careful in dealing with them.

When you go to China, you will have plenty of servants, and they are not expensive. You will need every one you can get, if you are going to do very much mission work. You pay them out of your own salary. You also pay for milk, thirty cents a glass, brought in tins from Norway and Sweden. Your butter comes from Australia, and costs \$1.40 per pound. Beef steak is a rare article. You can get plenty of pork, live chickens and eggs.

We try to have a real home. It is the one place like home in America! We are always open to our Chinese friends, and they are always glad to come to the missionaries' homes. And so, to be a real missionary, your home must be open to them. There must be no secrets,—no covering up.

You would not be able to buy fly-swatters in China. Mrs. Leavell had a great deal of trouble trying to buy hair pins. I tried to find a fly-swatter, but could not. There is no ice in our city. Ten years we lived there on the Tropic of Cancer, without ice; and the temperature for ten months in the year is as bad as your hottest weather here. They drink their tea hot; we drink ours with ice. They feel they are cooler, perhaps, for having had this hot tea. The Japanese take a hot bath and feel that they come out cooler. The Chinese, perhaps, have this same idea in mind in their custom of drinking hot tea.

So we adopt their ways and become to the Chinese "all things to all men that we may win them to Christ."

When we do win them to Christ, their devotion is a challenge to our consecration.

Nineteen of the staff of the "Stout Memorial Hospital," when a threatening mob was at our door, and when it was practically impossible for us to carry on our work on account of the strike that had been called, signed a compact that was a life pledge; that even though death itself should come to them, they would stay by the work that they might glorify Christ.

The nineteen included every doctor, evangelist and Christian nurse on the staff, and, although threatened and scared,—with no place to go,—no protection offered,—signed their names that they would die for the Master rather than see the work of that institution suffer. And to me, friends, that was a noble challenge. I shall never get over it. I shall never feel discouraged about our Chinese Christians, having seen faithful Christians in every department of our work willing to die for the Master.

Now, are we making any progress in China? Yes, I think the future holds the brightest prospects for us. I think this political situation I spoke of last night is but the growing pains of a people seeking self-respect and better things with it. The gospel of Jesus Christ is going to bring it back to them. Why, before the missionary went to China, every thought of the Chinese was steeped in superstition, ignorance and darkness.

They thought the evil spirits were everywhere trying to swallow up the people.

The first airplane came over our city a few years ago, with an American as pilot, and he dropped some literature; one old woman, seventy years of age, who had never seen a railroad train nor an automobile, looked out and saw that plane. She thought it was the evil spirits of the angry gods that had been turned loose upon our city, and she said, "Oh my," and dropped in her tracks, dead. The background in that woman's thinking was a common picture of the old dragon coming to swallow up the people; our hospital nurses wrote out a list of forty-nine gods that the people worshiped, the sun god, the rain god, a god for boy babies, a god who brought girl babies, and so on. And the people feared if they did not bow down to all those gods that some day the dragon would come and swallow them up.

Until the missionaries went with the gospel, the Chinese were not willing for a pick to be used in the hills of China to dig out the coal, or for a pick to be put in the ground anywhere, because they feared that the evil spirits would come out of the openings. They said, "You cannot build railroads in China because those tracks of steel will be but a track upon which the evil spirits can run and do their dirty work." They did not want steamers to pass through their waterways, because they believed that the evil spirits followed their line of travel.

In every city you will find two pagodas built, one on either side of the city on the highest peak.

They believed that the evil spirit of the dragon would come and light on the top of one of these and, seeing the pagoda on the opposite side, would fly to it; thus the city would be rid of the evil spirits. Thanks be to God, the gospel light has come where darkness prevailed.

A few centuries ago, every dollar of Chinese money had a dragon on it, and every other coin as well had a dragon upon it. But western civilization and Christianity have permeated the thinking of the people until today the dragon has been taken off and the head of the first President of China has taken its place on the beautiful silver dollar. And on the other side of the coin is a beautiful wreath with the characters for China; thus the dragon is largely being put out of the thinking of the people.

You cannot any more find this flag (displaying an old Chinese flag), but you find this new flag (displaying the new Chinese flag) in its place. And I thank God that under this flag (showing an American flag) the Bible first went to China. And this flag is being raised in China today, and the eyes of those 400,000,000 people are looking with admiration and respect upon our glorious flag as upon no other flag under the sun. They are looking to us to bring them the gospel light; they are looking to us to be their friends in their hour of turmoil; and they are waiting with outstretched arms for the gospel, and the answer is in our hands. May God bless us and help us to go with the unsearchable riches of Christ that a new order may come, until all men everywhere

may know him. Then the millions of China will have the blessings of the gospel. This is my prayer.

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